The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Republicans challenged the verdict of the country upon McKinleyism, and professed their entire readiness to abide by that verdict. The judgment of the tribunal was unmistakable. So overwhelming a defeat has not befallen any party within the lifetime of the present generation. Every doubtful State was lost to the Republicans. Such "sure Republican States" as Illinois and Wisconsin were carried for Cleveland, and Ohio was barely saved for Harrison. Other States which the Republicans had always controlled, like Kansas, for the first time failed the party, and were carried by a union of the opposition. In a number of the largest States the official count shows that the Republican vote in 1892, despite the increase in population, was much smaller than in 1888, although previously the party total had always shown a large increase in each national contest over its predecessor, notably in the following:

	N. Y.	O.	Ind.	Wis.	Cal.
1872..	440,736	281,852	186,147	104,997	54,020
1876..	489,207	330,698	208,011	130,668	79,269
1880..	555,544	375,048	232,164	144,400	80,348
1884..	562,005	400,082	238,463	161,157	102,416
1888..	650,338	416,054	263,361	176,553	124,816
1892..	609,167	402,399	256,681	170,354	117,756

During the closing days of the canvass the Republican managers had declared with the utmost vehemence that the election would decide the political character of the Senate, as well as of the House of Representatives and the President, and that the people ought to realize that a vote for the Democratic ticket meant a vote for the unrestricted control by the Democracy of all branches of the Government. The people accepted the issue. They not only gave Mr. Cleveland a great majority of the electoral vote and chose a House of Representatives which was overwhelmingly Democratic, but they also elected enough Legislatures in opposition to McKinleyism to deprive the Republicans of their present majority in the Senate. No fact was more clearly established within a week after the election than that the Democrats were entitled to the Senate as well as to the House of Representatives and the Presidency.

But although the Republicans expressly asked the people to declare their will so unmistakably that all departments of the Government would be controlled by the victorious party, they are to-day engaged in a desperate attempt to steal more than one seat in the Senate. New York and Wisconsin elected Legislatures which will return Democratic Senators. Montana and Wyoming elected Legislatures which had a majority of members pledged to oppose the choice of a Republican to the Senate. The loss of these four seats would cost the Republicans their control of the body, leaving out of the account Kansas and California. It was therefore essential that Republican Senators should somehow be secured from Wyoming and Montana, and for some days past the Republicans of those States have been engaged in schemes to count out the opposition in the Legislatures and steal the two Senatorships at stake. As they have the Executives on their side, and also seem able to control the courts, they are thus far meeting with success in their plots, and it seems possible that they will in each State organize legislative bodies which will go through the form of choosing Republicans and giving them some sort of a certificate of election. It is too early to form a clear opinion as to the final success of these plots.

Secretary Foster's recommendations of changes of methods and policy in the fiscal affairs of the Government are presented in a deprecating tone, as though it did not make much difference what he says. This may be a true estimate of the gravity of his report; nevertheless he makes some suggestions that are not without interest. He recommends, for example, that section 8 of the McKinley Administrative Act be repealed, "as experience has shown that it is impossible of practical administration." This is the section which requires that all dutiable goods consigned to this country for sale on account of the manufacturer shall be accompanied by a statement of "all the elements of cost as stated in section 11 of this act." Section 11 defines these elements of cost to be "cost of materials and of fabrication, all general expenses covering each and every outlay of whatsoever nature incident to such production, together with the expense of preparing and putting up such merchandise ready for shipment." All these details, too, are to be furnished in triplicate and to bear the attestation of the consular officer of the United States for the district wherein the goods are manufactured. This was one of the sections of the Administrative Bill upon which we made some very plain but ineffectual remarks at the time it was pending; and now comes Mr. Charles Foster, the next friend and supporter of William McKinley, jr., and says that this section of the bill cannot be executed. Of course it cannot. The intention of this section was to prevent the consignment of goods to this country altogether.

Secretary Foster makes several other suggestions by way of amendment of the McKinley Administrative Act. All these suggestions should give way to a total and unconditional repeal of the act, and we will add our belief that it will be repealed as soon as the Republican party loses control of the Senate. The Administrative Act was an act of brutality over and above the McKinley tariff itself. It was an act for the benefit of favored classes and the detriment of consumers. It was set on foot before the election of 1888 as a means of additional "protection" at a time when the protected classes did not dare to call for additional duties. They thought they could get an increase of tariff "on the sly" by putting a duty on coverings, costs, charges, and expenses in foreign countries and ports, and also by putting new difficulties in the way of importation such as those in section 8. When the election of 1888 gave them a majority in both houses and the Executive also, they determined to have the Administrative Bill and a new tariff to boot. They got them, but also got in the next succeeding election the most smashing defeat in the annals of American politics. The Administrative Bill "must go."

Postmaster-General Wanamaker makes many suggestions for improving the mail service in New York city, all of them excellent, but he fails to mention the one change which is absolutely essential to improvement of any kind, namely, the substitution of a competent Postmaster for Mr. Van Cott. It would be worse than useless to put additional facilities in charge of an official who has shown himself incapable of exercising those which are now under his direction. From the moment of Mr. Van Cott's entrance upon office, the service in this city has been growing steadily more defective, until to-day it is in a worse condition than it has been for many years. Nobody places any reliance upon it for sure and prompt delivery. We are overrun with letters of complaint from all quarters of the city and adjacent districts, giving accounts of tardy delivery, of missent letters, and of mail matter of various kinds which has failed to reach its destination at any time. The delays and mistakes are peculiarly exasperating between this city and Brooklyn, for in the latter city as well as here President Harrison's appointee has succeeded in demoralizing what was an excellently managed service when he was put in charge of it. There is no question that New York has for many years suffered from insufficient appropriations for mail service, but Mr. Van Cott has been no more handicapped in that respect than his predecessor was.

Attorney-General Miller's annual report admits that the celebrated Anti-Trust Law of the Republicans has proved abortive. He says that in all cases where it has been tried it has been found that "great care and skill" had been shown by the law-

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yers of the Trusts. But did not the President, no later than in his message of December 6, give his old law-partner a handsome tribute for his "fine professional skill"? And does the Attorney-General suppose people will forget how his anti-Trust cases have been thrown contemptuously out of court by the judges, even before the opposing lawyers had anything to say? He thinks that "the investigations made and the evidence accumulated" will be "valuable." About as valuable, we should say, as the hole in the window through which the Irishman's pig escaped, and over which he rejoiced as giving him an accurate measure of the size of the beast.

A fresh exposure of census blundering is made by the *Railroad Gazette*. It attacks the census bulletin giving the railroad mileage of the world as "a careless and incomplete job." The *Gazette* alleges that most of the information regarding foreign railroads was taken from the *Archiv für Eisenbahnwesen* of May–June, 1892, and was brought over most bunglingly. For example, there are some glaring omissions, no less than 4,122 kilometres of railroads in Jamaica and Asia Minor and Egypt and other countries being entirely left out. It was bad enough to take foreign statistics of 1892 to compare with American mileage of 1890, but what value is left in the deductions made when even the statistics used are so incomplete? Moreover, as the *Gazette* shows, even the simple mathematical problem of converting kilometres into miles was too much for the resources of our Census Bureau. No constant factor was used in making the conversion, it being found to vary in thirteen tested cases from .584 to .620—the proper one being .621—and considerable aggregate error resulting. A bright lad, says the *Gazette*, could have made the conversion of the whole table in two hours, and could have done it accurately to the units' place at least. This disgraceful botch is but the latest in Porter's long series of blunders, which he only needs to print to have exposed by specialists.

Oddities are all the time cropping up in Washington. One of these is a resolution of the Senate asking the State Department whether the agreement with Great Britain which restricts the naval force on the great lakes to two small vessels carrying one eighteen-pound cannon each, is still in force, and also whether this agreement had caused the rejection of any bids from shipbuilding firms for the construction of naval vessels. Both questions were answered in the affirmative. The usefulness of this agreement, which was entered into in 1817, is apparent in the fact that both countries have been spared the expense of maintaining any armaments on those waters except the very small force needed to execute their revenue laws. Both have been saved from the dangers of collision, which the existence of a naval force commanded by "Fighting Bob Evans," or other enterprising captains, would always entail. The second half of the resolution of inquiry is probably the really important part of it. If any shipbuilding firm has lost a contract for building naval vessels by reason of its location on the inland waters, there would seem to be only two remedies for that misfortune. One is that the agreement with Great Britain be rescinded so that warships can be put afloat on the lakes; the other is that the firm in question should remove its shipyard to the Atlantic or the Pacific. A third remedy might occur to some minds—that of building a canal from the lakes to the seaboard large enough to float an ironclad.

The daily chronicle of the Brussels Monetary Conference embraces a speech by Mr. E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, which, with much respect for that gentleman, we must call queer. The idea advanced by him that "there is no surer way to lower the American tariff than for Europe and the United States to agree upon a policy favorable to silver as money," implies some political connection between the tariff-reformers and the free-coinage men. There is no such connection. We will not say that these two groups are antagonistic to each other. They are neither allied nor opposed. They have no more affiliations than Knight Templars have with Theosophists. The New York Reform Club is low-tariff and anti-silver. The Farmers' Alliance, as nearly as we can make out, is low-tariff and pro-silver. The Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia, if its organ speaks truly, is high-tariff and pro-silver. If President Andrews has perceived any connection between the two which warrants him in saying that international bimetallism will hasten the lowering of our tariff, he has made a discovery which nobody else has yet proclaimed. Moreover, the assumption that Europe wants to have our tariff lowered is as yet unproved. Most of the Continental countries are sunk to the eyebrows in protectionism, the governing classes in each being a home-market club, whose theory is that a body of consumers at home delivered over to them safely bound is the best possible thing for trade. These classes are in a constant state of alarm lest the home market shall rise in revolt and cast off its chains. Nothing is more likely to bring about such a rebellion than the example of the United States lowering its tariff. While there are undoubtedly many manufacturers on the Continent who would like to have our tariff reduced, we venture to say that not one vote in the Brussels Conference would be gained for bimetallism by a promise to repeal the whole American tariff.

Equally malapropos is President Andrews's assumption that the world has an interest in keeping up the price of silver. Perhaps that is a thesis which we, as a silver-producing nation, are interested in maintaining. If so, it had best be put forward by Senator Jones rather than by President Andrews. Mr. Jones is a silver-producer, and, as a long-winded talker on the silver question, can distance anybody whosoever in this country. He is especially strong in the doctrine that a high price for silver is an important thing in this world. But really this is one of the most pestiferous misconceptions that ever got into the head of a human being. The world has no more interest in high prices for silver than it has in high prices for potatoes. Intelligent members of the community should just let prices, whether of silver, or of gold, or of pig iron, regulate themselves. In fact, they will regulate themselves, however much they may be tinkered at by private persons or by international conferences.

There has been much public interest in the practical working of the new Corrupt-Practices Act in Massachusetts, as the act is by far the best of the few that have been adopted in this country, and as it had its first trial in a Presidential election. Unlike the New York act, it requires sworn returns by campaign committees as well as by candidates. The committees filed their reports on Thursday. The first revelation they make is of a defect in the law which the politicians have been quick to take advantage of. Full accounting is required for all contributions received inside the State. The name of the contributor must be given in each case, and the uses to which the money is put; but for contributions received from outside the State no such specific accounting is required. The result has been that, in the return of both the Democratic and Republican State Committees, nearly half the total of money received is put down as having been received from the National Committee. Thus of the $59,000 which the Republicans spent, $23,000 came from their National Committee, and of the $53,000 which the Democrats spent, $23,000 came from their National Committee. The obvious inference is that heavy contributors in Massachusetts who did not wish to have their names made public with the amount of their contributions, sent those contributions to the National Committee and had them sent through that source to the State Committee. With the exception of this defect, which is not an easy one to remedy, the law seems to have worked very well. It has certainly procured an amount of publicity as to campaign expenditures greater than has ever before been attained in any State. The itemized account of the Republican Committee fills over two columns of the Boston *Herald*, giving in each instance the source of every contribution and the specific use to which it was put.

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The failure of Jay Gould to bequeath anything to churches or charities has probably saved some religious bodies from considerable embarrassment. It was confidently expected that his own church at least, and probably his own pastor, would receive handsome legacies, in which case both the church and the pastor would have been put to their trumps in composing excuses for accepting them. Charitable associations, had he made himself the benefactor of any such organizations, would have had less difficulty in pocketing whatever they got, for the bestowal of ill-gotten gains on the poor or helpless has always been looked upon as a proper form of restitution, when the lawful owners are not forthcoming. A religious organization composed of well-to-do people can put in no such excuse. Such a body would have been bound, in the Christian forum, to spend their own last cent on the church before touching Jay Gould's money. But Jay Gould has spared all the casuists a lot of trouble by keeping the little he had for his family. The silence that has settled down on his apologists since the will was published, gives a touch of comedy to the close of his career. They all thought he would furnish by his bequests some sort of answer to his enemies and detractors, but his testament shows, perhaps better than any act of his life, not so much his indifference to popular condemnation on moral grounds, as his unconsciousness of it. We have little doubt that he ascribed the raving of the moralists over him in his lifetime mainly to their having "got left" in the race for wealth. And then we must bear in mind the frightful amount of human baseness with which a successful speculator and millionaire comes in contact in a community in which money is held in such high esteem as in ours. If he had put on paper his experience of men, he would probably have furnished something in the nature of an excuse for ignoring all the local religious and philanthropic activities. Signs of the ease with which he might have justified himself, if he chose, were to be found in the eulogies passed on him after his death for not being "a hypocrite"—that is, for making no pretence of religion or morality. His one bit of weakness in this direction was the present of $10,000 to the Church Extension Society. But the way this was received by the public probably disgusted him with himself, and closed his career as a disseminator of Gospel truth.

There is a very interesting discussion among the clergy as to the efficacy of prayer, which has been precipitated by Evangelist Moody's claim that his prayers saved the steamship *Spree* from sinking. The most striking feature of it is the fact that evangelical ministers are saying precisely what the secular press would be inclined to say if it had commented upon the incident. Undoubtedly what strikes the average man most forcibly, when any such claim is advanced, is the appalling egotism of the man who assumes that he is of so much consequence that shipwreck was prevented by his prayers, while thousands of other vessels went down despite the most earnest prayers of their less important passengers. The clergy themselves are coming to perceive and admit the absurdity of such a position. The Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner of Boston puts the case very neatly when he says:

> "It is magnificent assumption on Mr. Moody's part to think he has the power of directing just what the Almighty should do, and that is what his statement amounts to. Prayer had much less to do with saving the *Spree* than the work of the Captain and crew."

Even more impressive are the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Ensign McChesney, a Methodist minister of this city, who was himself a fellow-passenger of Moody's. While expressing his belief in the wisdom of prayer, he dissents entirely from Mr. Moody's position, and says:

> "We certainly owed our safety to God. But are we sure that if there had been no prayer-meeting on the sinking *Spree*, the vessel would have sunk? Do we know enough of God's purpose to say that? Have we any information on that point? How about other ships that have been disabled, with no prayer-meeting on board, and yet did not sink? I find no warrant for saying that prayer saved the ship."

The only surprising thing about the conviction of Prof. Smith of Cincinnati for heresy is the size of the vote in his favor—26 to 32 on the closest ballot, and 20 to 36 on the most vital charge. This result will not bring great cheer to the prosecutors of Prof. Briggs. The prosecution in the two cases turns on substantially the same charges and evidence, and it was thought that the Cincinnati Presbytery would lead the way in an overwhelming condemnation of the obnoxious views. The New York Presbytery has always been under violent suspicion of doctrinal laxness, and if the majority was so narrow in orthodox Cincinnati, it might fairly be inferred that there would be no majority at all in New York. But in neither case is it likely that the decision of the lower court will be accepted as final, whatever it be, and "the higher criticism" seems certain to get a frequent airing before Presbyterian tribunals for a year or two yet.

The Briggs prosecutors decline to discuss the question of the truth of his views. His opinions about the reason, they say, may be perfectly sound, and so may be his contention that there are errors in the Bible, and that Moses did not write the Pentateuch or Isaiah all of the book that goes under his name. All they affirm is that these views, whether true or not, are not Presbyterian, and so that one holding them must be put out of that denomination. No one can deny that this is a valid argument. It is precisely on such reasoning that Prof. Briggs will be convicted, if he is convicted. But if such an argument is fatal to him, it will be fatal also, in the long run, to the church that uses it. The prosecution disclaims all intolerance: "We do not ask that men should be restricted as to their methods of research." But they do ask that Presbyterians should be so restricted. Thus their professed tolerance is like the religious liberty granted by the French monarch who said that all his subjects should be free to choose their religion, but that nobody must choose one different from the King's. "This is not a question between scholarship and ignorance," say the prosecution No matter if all the scholars in the world say there are errors in the Bible, the standards of the Church say there are not, and that settles it. No doubt it does in ecclesiastical law, but is the Presbyterian Church prepared to say that if the facts are against it, so much the worse for the facts? Is it going on endowing scholarships to send theological students to Germany, only to cut off their heads when they return? The course of the prosecution will lend support to those who think that the Briggs trial is the Nemesis of the Presbyterian Church, overtaking it in the shape of a logical result of its historic demand for an educated ministry.

Never has the hapless lot of the publisher been set forth more pathetically than by Mr. Heinemann in the last number of the *Athenæum*. He is at present suffering from a most extraordinary combination of hardships and adverse circumstances. First, there is the "manufacture clause" in the American Copyright Act, of which the best that can be said is that it has not harmed the English publisher so much as was feared. Then there are the printers' unions, which have caused wages to be "increased steadily for years past," and in addition the fact that "the public are more fastidious now with regard to print" and are protesting against "the horrible stuff that they used to buy under the good-natured generalization of 'books.'" On top of all has come the authors' union in the shape of Mr. Besant's Author's Society, further to oppress and outrage the publisher. Shocking demands for increased royalties, sometimes reaching as high as 25 per cent., are now frequently made in the Society's name, and all this, combined with the rapacity of booksellers, who insist upon 50 per cent. reduction on list prices, has brought the publishing business to a point where it must "grapple with the danger before it is too late." Mr. Heinemann's remedy is a publishers' union to resist the aggressions of the powerful author. He calls it, to be sure, "a brotherly band," but beneath this velvet name appears the cold iron of a real union, with hard-and-fast rules, secret passwords, walking delegates, and all. Such an organization could doubtless compel the overbearing author to disgorge a part of his swollen gains, and aid the distressed publisher to resume the custom of three meals a day.

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A USEFUL REMINDER.

THERE was no more striking or characteristic passage in Mr. Cleveland's Reform Club speech than the following: "We should strive to rid ourselves and our countrymen of the idea that there is anything shabby or disgraceful in economy, whether in public or private life." There is in that sentence the whole of Mr. Cleveland's political creed, and there is to be found in it also the secret of his remarkable popularity. He represents to the plain people of the country the homely virtues of simplicity and economy. Those perplexed spectators of his career who cannot understand his hold upon the American people will find in this attribute of his character full and sufficient explanation of what is to them a mystery. Speaking directly to the people, with the accent of profound conviction, and with the full weight of his personal sincerity and honesty in every phrase, he promises them to do his utmost to bring the conduct of their Government back to that simplicity and economy of its founders which has always been the object of their reverence. In his mouth "Jeffersonian simplicity" is something more than a catchword—it is a pledge and a public creed.

Nothing more clearly marks the moral decadence of the Republican party than the growing inability of its leaders to comprehend the character of the American people. One would have supposed from the acts and utterances of these leaders during the past few years that we were a nation of money-worshippers. Those who possessed not wealth were assumed to be given over to the worship of those who did possess it. The President of the United States openly scoffed at cheapness as something abhorrent and disgraceful. "I cannot," he said, "find myself in full sympathy with this demand for cheaper coats, which seems to me necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coats." The Republican party's latter-day idol and oracle, Mr. McKinley, went even further than this, and declared that "cheap and nasty go together," that the "whole system of cheap things is a badge of poverty," that "cheap merchandise means cheap men, and cheap men means a cheap country," that "that is not the kind of country our fathers builded," and "furthermore it is not the kind the sons mean to maintain." Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the latter-day Republican scholar in politics, declared that the "cry for cheapness is un-American"; the organ of the Republican Protective Tariff League declared that cheapness was a "curse," and Mr. Henry Carey Baird denounced it as the "fetish of the Englishmen," and implored the party to "let us have done with this cheapness and its advocacy."

Acting in obedience to these high authorities, the Republican Congress literally voted to abolish cheapness. They took a great surplus in the Treasury and scattered it to the winds by favoring extravagance and jobbery of every kind. When they were accused of extravagance and were called the "Billion-Dollar Congress," the response from their leaders and from the press of their party was: "Well, what of that? This is a billion-dollar country. We can afford it. We do not need to be economical." Money was flaunted everywhere as the badge of honor. It was made the passport to political distinction. It was accepted as the price of Cabinet offices, of foreign missions, of legislation. The Republic of Franklin was represented at foreign courts as the republic of rich men who could surpass the titled aristocracy of European capitals in the magnificence and luxury of their living. It was assumed that the people of the country liked this display, that they were so enamoured of wealth that they would rejoice to put rich men in charge of their Government, and would abhor cheapness and economy both in public and in private life.

Surely, after all this, the time had come for some one to advocate a return to the simplicity of the fathers. That there should have been in any one's mind a doubt as to the popular answer to such an appeal simply shows how the glitter of wealth had dazzled many eyes. We are a nation of plain people. The overwhelming majority of our citizens find life a constant struggle with poverty. Frugality, economy, and unceasing labor are their daily companions. If we had really become a nation of money-worshippers, a people who were so dazzled by the spectacle of great wealth that we were willing to put men in high office simply because they were rich men, then our character as a people had undergone the most remarkable and the most deplorable transformation witnessed in any land since the closing days of the Roman Republic. But we had not changed. The assumption that we had was at once the most preposterous and the most fatuous any great political party had ever made. The inexplicable part of it was that men who had themselves been comparatively poor men, like President Harrison, should have so mistaken the character of the American people as to suppose for a moment that they could have been so transformed.

Mr. Cleveland, appealing straight to the people, in the plain language which the people recognize as their own, has been heard with joy in every corner of the land. That is the secret of his great popularity. More than any man since Lincoln, he has understood the American people, because he represents in himself the homely virtues which they most highly revere. He appeals to those principles in American character which have made the greatness of the American Republic in the past, and which alone are capable of insuring for it an honorable and lasting future.

STATE AND FEDERAL TAXATION.

IT will be wise for public men who are to deal with the pressing questions connected with national taxation to take into account the great change in popular sentiment bearing upon that subject. The change may be briefly described as one from a state of general ignorance and indifference in regard to Federal taxes, to a state of great uneasiness and sensitiveness about them, which promises to develop into a jealous scrutiny of all burdens imposed upon the taxpayer by the national Government. Such a scrutiny has long been given to taxes laid in the name of the State or municipality, but it is one of the anomalies of our system that the same people who have hurled State governments from power for a slight increase in the tax bills, have seen national expenditures doubled and quadrupled without a protest.

The explanation is to be found, of course, in the fact that national taxation is indirect. It does not bring a definite and personal tax bill to the door of every citizen, with distinct items set down to several accounts. In the language of an orator of the Long Parliament, the general Government "sups in our cup and dips in our dish," but does it so silently, and in a manner so unperceived by the average man, that opportunity has been given the national taxing power for abuses which would not be tolerated for a day if they were clearly understood. Hence has arisen the possibility of such astounding defences of squandering the public resources as have been made by Senator Evarts and others, who have said that certain extravagances and impositions in taxation could not be so very grievous to the people, since they would not amount to more than three cents a day per capita. It is safe to say that no unnecessary State tax of three cents a day, or a month, per capita could be laid without exciting popular indignation against the legislators enacting it.

For ease and certainty of collection, nothing could be more admirable than he system of indirect taxation by which our Government is supported; but for cultivating a spirit of responsibility to constituents on the part of legislators, and, on the part of taxpayers, a close watchfulness over public expenditures, nothing could be more inadequate. This came clearly to view when the committing of impost duties to the general Government was first proposed. One of Hamilton's earliest financial papers is the report which he laid before Congress December 16, 1782, in reply to the refusal of Rhode Island to assent to a national duty on imports. One of the objections which he had to answer was: "That by granting to Congress a power to collect moneys from the commerce of these States, . . . and for the expenditure of which they are not to be accountable to the States, they would become independent of their constituents; and so the proposed impost is repugnant to the liberty of the United States."

Hamilton had to admit that "the principle of this objection is true," and could only argue that it had no proper applica-

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tion to the facts in the case. Certainly the history of Federal taxation for the past twenty-five years shows how true the principle is, and how easy it is for Congressmen to become "independent of their constituents." Only some peculiarly flagrant abuse, like the salary-grab of twenty years ago, or the defiant extravagance of Speaker Reed's Congress, has been able to rouse the people to insist upon that "rotation of the members of Congress" in which Hamilton saw the "security intended to the general liberty," and the "constant and effectual check" upon wasteful public expenditure. It is perhaps worth adding, in view of the doctrine of some of our latter-day statesmen who swear by the name of Hamilton, that, in the same report, he met the objection that a duty on imports would bear more heavily upon commercial States than others, by laying down the "general principle" that "every duty on imports is incorporated with the price of the commodity and ultimately paid by the consumer, with a profit on the duty itself as a compensation to the merchant for the advance of his money."

The exceptional conditions which have marked the conduct of our national finance for the past score of years will not much longer prevail. The happy-go-lucky management of the Treasury cannot be continued for any great length of time. When this fact has penetrated the mind of Secretary Charles Foster, as it now has, to judge by his annual report, it may safely be set down as one of those things that are clear "to the dullest intelligence." Nor can Congress hereafter go on letting one committee raise a revenue and a lot of others spend it, with a delightful disregard of the fact whether income and outgo will come anywhere near balancing. Something like the budget known to the finance of all civilized countries but our own, with a fixed and detailed scheme of taxation, and a fixed and detailed scheme of expenditures, must be gently but firmly introduced to our Congressmen. In fact, the era of overflowing revenues which almost take care of themselves has closed, and a new period in the discussion and imposition of national taxes has opened.

We think it certain that the people will insist upon carrying into national finance the practice of the principles which they apply in State finance. They have learned that a Federal tax is just as real a burden as a State tax, and they will more and more demand that the former should be laid with as much care, and expended with as much economy, as the latter. There is now a field for great financiers in our public life such as it has not afforded for a generation. Questions relating to our currency, indeed, have been much debated, and have brought out a high order of talent, as well as an extraordinary amount of quackery; but a thorough student and expounder of the principles of national taxation has not been seen in office in this country for many a day. The time is now ripe for him. All the signs point to a thorough overhauling of our whole system of Federal taxes, and public men should hasten to equip themselves for the work. A fundamental part of such equipment is, as we said at the beginning, a thorough realization of the great change of popular sentiment regarding the entire subject.

RAILWAY POOLING.

THE Inter-State Commerce Commission has forwarded to commercial bodies and prominent men throughout the country a circular letter asking for opinions "whether it is practicable, and if so, advisable, to amend the fifth section of the act to regulate commerce so as to legalize contracts between competing roads"—that is, to legalize railway pooling. These opinions are asked thus generally so as to enable the Commission to form a judgment on the advisability of reporting to Congress that pooling contracts should be made enforceable through the courts. It is deemed by all hopeless to expect the passage of any law making pooling contracts binding on the companies concerned, unless the terms of such contracts, including the rates to be charged, should first receive the approval of the Commission. Granger sentiment would not permit such apparently arbitrary power to be given to the railways without some check. Generally, therefore, the two proposals of legalization and a veto power go together.

Every one conversant with the railway situation must admit that, as matters now are, the railroads need protection more than the general public. By that is meant that transportation charges are now so low that the dividends, and even the fixed charges, of some companies, might be in some danger in a bad-crop year, and at least that the earnings of the ordinary year might not be sufficient to pay for such care of the property and equipment as would insure safety and at the same time allow of those continued improvements demanded by modern progress. Worse still, it is conceded that these low average charges are brought about, not through general and open reductions, but because of abnormally cheap rates granted to the favored few who control large shipments —a principle which, if carried out on all our transportation lines, would end in the creation of a commercial oligarchy. From every point of view, therefore, we are bound to approve of any legitimate means whereby our railways can earn a fair revenue through reasonable tariffs charged on the same basis to all citizens. Pooling has the great merit of striking at the root of the present evil by taking from the weaker roads the motive for rate-cutting, since they thus become entitled to their share of the traffic without resorting to underhand methods of securing it. Pooling is not a panacea for all our transportation ills, but is merely a device to help in keeping those ills within harmless limits, so far as possible.

Under existing conditions, then, legalized pooling would do little harm. The commerce of the country is now moved from producer to distant consumer at only a small margin of profit. If the freight rates were materially advanced, the volume of traffic, no longer profitable to the shipper, would be correspondingly reduced, to the injury of carrier and shipper alike. In short, exorbitant charges on the part of the railways are not commercially possible. As before remarked, if any adjustment is necessary, the cut rates should be raised to the general level. But the proposition to give the Inter-State Commissioners the right to forbid pooling among any group of railways unless the freight rates were approved by them, might before many years result in putting the control of our railway charges into the hands of the Federal authorities.

To such a result there would be very grave objection. Let us suppose such a law to be now in force, and the roads between Chicago and New York city to apply for the pooling permission. The Western farmers, finding wheat yielding them less than 50 cents a bushel, might object to the present trunk-line rate of 15 cents per bushel and demand a rate of 9 cents. If the Commission happened to agree to this demand, a low charge would be forced upon the companies as an alternative to the continuing of the present state of affairs Of course the Commissioners would be conscientious in their judgments as to the rates demanded; but should such power be given to any set of men? Is it not true that railway charges cannot be determined theoretically, any more than the proper volume of currency, or than the price of meat? And must we not rely for fair transportation tariffs upon the workings of commercial forces, if we would have the community fare the best in the long run? And if, under the rate-fixing of the Commission, a railway should have to omit dividends or bond interest, would not the Government become responsible? We must assume that the Commissioners' power would be exercised; otherwise either their oversight would be merely nominal or else from the beginning unnecessary. Against these suggestions it may be argued that, theories aside, a law permitting pooling under the Commission would no doubt work well in practice; and, if proved otherwise, the statute could be repealed. Nevertheless such a law, giving the control of transportation charges indirectly into Federal hands, would be contrary to all our precedents and dangerous in its tendency.

Whence, then, can the needed relief come? A practical proposal would be simply to strike the prohibitory section from the law, leaving the legal status of pooling the same as before 1887. Agreements between railways could then be freely made, though not legally enforceable. Though this plan would not give the railways all

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the relief to which they think themselves now entitled, yet it would have some merits. It would enforce pooling to the extent to which the terms and rates might find unanimous consent; it would allow a combination among carriers just so far as combinations in other trades are permissible, putting all businesses in that respect upon an equality, which would be an important consideration; it would allow of enough competition, direct and indirect, in rates or in facilities, to forbid the argument that the commerce of the country had been given over to the railways. The decision of Judge Riner a week ago in Topeka, sustaining railway associations as not contrary to the Anti-Trust Law, has many quotable opinions on the general subject: "While it is true that the public are entitled to adequate facilities and to just and reasonable rates at the hands of these corporations, they are entitled to just that and no more." "The public are not entitled to free and unrestricted competition, but to fair and healthy competition, and I see nothing in this contract which necessarily tends to interfere with that right." The repeal of the section of the law prohibiting railway pooling, but without adding a section legalizing such contracts, would to that extent relieve the present situation, with the further advantage of presenting the subject to the farmer's mind in a way to overcome prejudices which would surely be excited by any bill allowing carriers to enforce seemingly high rates against each other through the courts.

ENGLISH ELECTION CONTESTS.

THE thoroughgoing character of the English Corrupt-Practices Act has been demonstrated in a striking manner by some contests over seats which followed the last Parliamentary election. These contests are decided by the courts, and are conducted like ordinary judicial trials, with counsel on both sides. There seem to have been an unusually large number of them this year, due to the idea possessed by many candidates that a strict observance of the law was not likely to be insisted upon. The result in three of the cases is not calculated to encourage future candidates to make this mistake, for the provisions of the law were enforced by the judges with a rigor which will have a very wholesome influence for many years to come. Students of corrupt-practice legislation for America cannot do better than to consider carefully both these trials and the nature of the law under which they were conducted, for the results show that the prime requisite of all such legislation is minuteness of detail—that is, specific and unmistakable provision for every form of corrupt or undue influence in elections.

The first case which resulted in the unseating of a candidate was that of one Frank James, a Conservative, who had been returned as elected for the town of Walsall. The charges upon which the petition against his election had been based were gross bribery, treating, and general corruption. A great mass of evidence was taken, and while it was shown that a great deal of "treating" had taken place, it was not proved to have been done by the candidate or his agent. The charges of bribery and general corruption were also not sustained. Among the expenditures set down in the sworn statement required by the law was a charge for 6,000 hat badges, or cards, upon which there was a portrait of the candidate, with the words "Vote for James," "We're Bound to Win." Expenditure by a candidate for this purpose is specifically forbidden by the law, which provides in its sixteenth section that "no payment or contract for payment shall, for the purpose of promoting or procuring the election of a candidate at any election, be made on account of bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction." The offence is declared an "illegal payment," and the penalty, when the guilty person is the candidate, is loss of his seat, and disqualification as a Parliamentary candidate before the same constituency for seven years; and, when his agent is the guilty person, loss of his seat and disqualification during the existing Parliament. The candidate's agent in this case was his son, who pleaded in extenuation of the card expenditure that he did not know that such use was forbidden by the law. The two judges who were conducting the trial decided that such an excuse could not be accepted, holding that "if it was once allowed that a breach of the law, in the sense that there was misconception of the law, was to be treated as inadvertence, the Court did not know where it could fix the limit." They decided, therefore, that the candidate was guilty through his agent, and had therefore lost his seat and was disqualified from being a candidate again for the existing Parliament.

At first glance this looks like a very strict interpretation of the law, and the unseating and disqualification of a candidate for such an apparently trivial offence seems extreme treatment; but this is not the case. Before the law was framed there were enormous abuses in English elections disguised under expenditures for precisely the purposes forbidden in the section which we have quoted. It was necessary to forbid all these in order to keep expenditures within legal limits and to prevent illegal expenses from being disguised under alleged outlays for cards, badges, bands, etc. As the London *Times* says, the "excessive scrupulosity of the law may be justified on grounds of public expediency," and since "one of the main objects of the statute was to keep all election expenses within narrow limits, if there were no prohibition, a great deal of money might be spent on bands, badges, etc."

The decision in the case of the second candidate unseated was on somewhat less technical grounds. Mr. Nathaniel G. Clayton was returned as elected from the Hexam Division of Northumberland by a majority of 82 votes. The petition for unseating him was based upon charges that he had influenced the voters by treating them to numerous picnics, excursions, teas, etc., which had been organized by one Mr. Baty, acting through the local Conservative Association. It was shown by the evidence that Mr. Clayton had paid bills amounting to £326, which Mr. Baty told him the Association had incurred. Mr. Clayton testified that he had paid them without asking what they were for, that at the time of some of the various "treats" he had no thought of being a candidate, and that the payment was made before he was a candidate and before he had engaged Mr. Baty as his election agent. It was shown also that the "treats" were not entirely free, reduced prices being asked for drink, food, and railway fares, and that it was only to pay up the deficiency that the £326 was necessary. Mr. Baty testified that he engineered the treats and paid the bills for the Association and not for Mr. Clayton. Yet the two judges forming the court held that Mr. Clayton constituted Mr. Baty his agent by the act of paying the bills without examining them; that he added to the offence by making similar illegal payments after he had thus recognized him as his agent, and that both the candidate and his agent were guilty of corrupt practices. The penalty for Mr. Clayton was loss of his seat and disqualification as a candidate before the same constituency for seven years, and for his agent a fine of one hundred pounds and five years' disfranchisement.

The third case turned entirely upon the question of religious or spiritual intimidation of voters. Mr. Patrick Fullam had been returned elected as an anti Parnellite candidate in South Meath, Ireland, by a majority of 83 votes. The petition to unseat him was based upon charges that the Catholic Church had used its full spiritual authority to aid in his election. The evidence was overwhelming in support of the charge. It was shown that the priests had gone to extraordinary lengths in Mr. Fullam's behalf—refusing the last sacrament to a dying Parnellite woman whose husband would not vote for Fullam; preaching that opposition to Parnell and Parnellites was opposition to sin, and that a vote for Fullam was a vote for holy religion; that no man who voted for the Parnellite candidate could "get eternal salvation"; that Parnell was the "devil of impurity," and that it was the duty of all good Catholics to support Fullam. The priests exhorted for Fullam openly at mass, and it was charged that they had used the confessional for similar purposes; a charge which they declined to affirm or deny. In a sermon which he had preached, the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Nulty, declared that nobody

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could remain both a Parnellite and a Catholic. In deciding against Fullam, the two judges, one of whom is a Catholic, said that the idea at the bottom of the Bishop's appeal was that "Parnellism was a sin, and on a vote against Parnellism depended the voter's salvation," adding: "The whole organization of the Church was thrown into the contest. Every priest was a canvasser. They canvassed everywhere, at the altar, at the houses, on the roads."

The law provides, in section 2, that any candidate whose election shall be influenced by a threat to inflict temporal or spiritual injury against any voter shall be guilty of undue influence, for which the penalty is loss of seat and disqualification as a candidate for seven years. It would be difficult to find a more flagrant violation of this provision than was afforded in South Meath by the entire Catholic priesthood, acting with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Fullam.

The moral which Americans who are studying the question of corrupt-practice legislation should draw from these cases is, that a law to be effective must be minute and, on that account, voluminous. There has been a pernicious notion at work in all American legislation of the kind that a law to be effective must be short. A long law is denounced as "cumbersome" and "complex"—charges which were made against the ballot-reform laws when they were first broached. What makes the strength of the English Corrupt-Practices Act is its length, and we must imitate that characteristic of it if we wish to secure as thorough a reform here as has been accomplished there. We must have "excessive scrupulosity" in the provisions of the law, or we shall not abolish the corruption at which it is aimed.

THE AUTUMN'S ART IN LONDON.

LONDON, November 28, 1892.

THE opening of the New English Art Club Exhibition—once in the autumn and once in the spring—is now always the signal for the more serious consideration of the present condition and the future prospects of British art. The Academy has long ceased to prove anything except the mediocrity, or worse, of the average Academician and the prevalence of the amateur in Great Britain. The old Grosvenor has closed its doors. The New Gallery is not even true to the neo-Gothic School, who were its first supporters. Of the Institute, of the British Artists (since Whistler's reign), there is nothing to be said except that they persevere bravely in the path of commonplace. It is to the New English Art Club one must turn for whatever vitality and originality still remain among British painters.

This being the case, the Club's latest exhibition just opened is a disappointment. It is not only that the members seem unable to maintain their once high standard, but the few who have always ruled the fortunes of the association begin to reveal a narrowness and a prejudice not unworthy of Burlington House. First they disposed of the Scotch contingent, really the strongest element in the Club; and but one or two of the Glasgow men are to-day counted among the exhibitors. The rule of the Club to reject all but really good work, no matter by whom sent, is excellent in theory, but in practice it has been far less commendable. Artists of genuine ability have found their canvases fired, while the pictures of the little inner circle, good, bad or indifferent, seldom fail to secure the best places on the walls. As a consequence, one man after another has gradually deserted, until this year the exhibition is monopolized chiefly by a small group of so-called London Impressionists and certain others from whose rivalry they probably think they have less to fear.

Unfortunately, it is these very so-called Impressionists who have made the least advance in their art. From the very beginning it was not originality that distinguished them, but rather the desire, here in conservative Great Britain, to break away from Academical traditions by the study of such innovators as Whistler and Degas, Monet and Manet. As yet they have not succeeded in striking a distinct note of their own; on the contrary, they have exaggerated the methods or mannerisms of their masters, until they have now reached the point where their undoubted cleverness threatens to degenerate into caricature or banality.

Another disappointment is the quality of the contributions sent by Mr. Sargent, who has been a member of the Club since the start. Careless of its fame and his own reputation, he exhibits three canvases of mediocre interest and no great technical merit. It is not easy to forget his "Javanese Dancer," which hung in this same exhibition a year ago, and the memory of it makes it all the more difficult to forgive him for showing portraits which the average exhibitor at the Champs-Élysées Salon could have painted as well. The best work in the Gallery comes not from England, but from France: it is a little pastel of a music-hall by Degas, a reproach to the large majority of the contributors who have accepted him as prophet. There are also water-colors by Mr. Brabazon, an artist but too little known, which are masterpieces, not only of impressionism, but of technique; there is no man to-day who understands his medium more perfectly. Another painter, not content to deteriorate into a mere imitator, is Mr. Arthur Tomson, who draws and paints cats with a freshness of observation and feeling for their subtler qualities which not the "Cat-Raphael" himself has equalled. And a small study of a cloud, delightful in modelling and color, will make one watch with interest the career of Mr. Furze, who hitherto has been notable, if at all, simply for his faint echoing in paint of Whistler. This is all that can be said in praise of the latest showing of the New English Art Club.

It is discouraging at this juncture, when the most promising of the younger men appear to have exhausted their resources, to find that the number of poor models given to the great artless public is to be increased by a permanent gallery of bad pictures, relieved by an occasional canvas of genuine excellence. Undaunted by the official and critical rebuff of last year (about which I wrote at the time to the *Nation*), Mr. Tate, a sugar-refiner, has offered to the new Government the gift of his collection of paintings for the nation. Since the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer declined the present with thanks, the general quality of the collection has not increased in artistic value. But this is a small consideration. Liberals cannot be expected to be of the same mind as Conservatives even in matters of art; the protest against the acceptance of the gift, so loud and vehement last winter, has not been renewed, save in one or two papers—a fact which would be inexplicable were it not that the loudest protests of all came from the Liberal and Radical press; and then, just now, the unemployed are being heard from on every side; and what better chance for the new Government to make itself popular than to say it will provide them with work by pulling down old Millbank prison and allowing Mr. Tate to build—and to pay for—his gallery on the site thus left free? Art has but little chance against politics, and the poor nation, already burdened with Sheepshanks and other collections of horrors, is soon to become the proud possessor of the Tate pictures. Among them are a few that ought now, or at some future day, to hang in the National Gallery. Mr. Tate owns one or two fine Constables and Cromes; I believe it is only within the last months that he has bought that wonderful "Ophelia," painted by Sir John Millais in the early period when he was still an artist and not a Royal Academician. It is plain, therefore, that Mr. Tate has no deep-rooted objection to good work; but unfortunately he does not know it when he sees it, and the great mass of his treasures are, as art, valueless. Had he bestowed his few masterpieces upon the country, he would have been its benefactor for ever. But he must needs send his name down to posterity with a flourish; the Government must take the whole Tate Gallery or nothing. And is it any marvel that the people, when the Brummagem imitation is thus foisted upon them with official sanction, should continue to mistake it for art? Were a puff of Mr. Tate's sugar handed to every visitor at the door of his gallery, one would not be surprised, for his gift savors somewhat of the advertisement. We shall next hear of the Pears' Soap or the Singer's Sewing Machine National Museum.

The picture and print-dealers have been much abused, by a certain section of the London press, for advertising themselves and their wares by means of monthly exhibitions, to which critics are invited and upon which press notices are showered. But whatever be their crimes, they at least have the grace to show good work, if not always, at least at intervals. To the dealers we owe the few exhibitions of importance which so far have been given this autumn: one, fairly representative, of Hervier's paintings, etchings, and lithographs at the Goupil Gallery; another, containing admirable examples of the Barbizon men and the much-talked-about canvas of De Groux, which at least has the stamp and virtue of individuality, at the Hanover Gallery; while it has been left to a publisher to hold what must be called the show of the season.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just brought over from Paris Vierge's original drawings for 'Pablo de Segovia,' the English edition of which he has published. This is the first time Vierge's work has been seen in London, nor could it be studied to better advantage, for with the drawings are hung the proofs by Gillot, the photo-engraver who reproduced them, and on the table is the book itself, the production of the ordinary printer. The refinement of Vierge's drawing, its subtleties, and his mastery of line made themselves felt even in the sadly reduced and not too well printed process blocks of Bonhoure's French edition. But to all who know his work merely by these blocks, the originals are revelations. In them alone can be realized to the full extent the knowledge with which he draws any and everything whether it be the human figure or the distant

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landscape, whether the most elaborate architecture or the chairs and tables of primitive construction; in them alone can be appreciated duly his economy of line and triumph of selection. Not a superfluous touch is in his drawing, not an unnecessary detail included in his composition. And more than this: though he never sacrifices the freedom of his method, though he never suppresses his own strong individuality, he is still master of the art of working for the photo-engraver. He is sure that his every line will "come," that his every black will tell. Comparison with the proofs of Gillot's new blocks proves how little has been lost in the reproduction. For this reason a visit to the exhibition is, to the would-be illustrator, worth months of drawing lessons. Vierge has sent other examples, among them some of his wash drawings, which technically are no less distinguished. But as yet he has done nothing to surpass the 'Pablo' series. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE POST-OFFICE IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper a request for information as to failure of the paper to arrive. Since then it has appeared regularly some time on Friday, but several other deficiencies have come to my notice which I thought might interest you.

On the two successive days before Thanksgiving the mail due at about nine A.M. from New York at Peace Dale, R. I., was carried by to Providence, and only reached Peace Dale late in the afternoon and too late to get off an answer the same day. The mails between this place and Peace Dale have been very irregular. About two-thirds of the time letters mailed there in time for the P.M. mail reach Syracuse at seven the next morning; the other third they come either in the afternoon or the next day.

Similar things I find constantly occurring between Brooklyn and this place. On one occasion I mailed two letters at the Post-office here, with several hours' interval between, to the same address in Brooklyn, with the result that the second was delivered about four hours before the first.

These probably were merely the results of carelessness or incompetence, or both, but a month ago there was an occurrence in the town of Geddes, adjoining Syracuse, which cannot be looked on so charitably. On Friday morning, November 4, there were mailed from Syracuse to voters living in the neighborhood of the Post-office of Solvay in the town of Geddes a large number of pasters for use at election, averaging perhaps three to a voter. So far as I can discover, not one of these reached its destination before Wednesday, November 9—the day after election—though a very large number which were shown to me by employees and tenants of mine to whom they were addressed all bore a postmark showing that they had been received at Solvay at four P. M. November 4. Some of these men said they had called for their mail and had been told there was none; and again, one inquiring for a neighbor was told there was nothing of importance. The day after election the Solvay Postmaster appeared at the office of our works with a huge pile of these pasters (mingled with a few other letters which had apparently been detained with them by mistake), which were addressed to men in our employ, as are three quarters of the population whom he serves. There was a similar batch the next day. He apparently took this way of distributing them as likely to excite less comment than if every box in a country post-office should contain three or four letters at once.

As this Postmaster is a Machine politician and doubtless interested in the *straight* Republican ticket, the apparently necessary inference is plain. There seems to be a fitting opportunity for the official axe.

Yours faithfully, N. T. B.

Syracuse, N. Y., December 6, 1892.

[Our correspondent's letter makes a fit occasion for saying that, in our endeavor to discover the cause of the especial delinquency in the New York Post-office about election time, we were (unofficially) informed that for several weeks an extraordinary number of copies of the *Irish World* were dumped into the office, under orders to give them precedence over all matter of their class. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but we are quite sure that the Post-office authorities are capable of such courtesies to the "Blaine Irishman."—Ed. Nation.]

THE PENNSYLVANIA BALLOT LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "C. P. R." of Pittsburg, in your issue of November 24, calls attention to certain defects in the Ballot Law now in force in Pennsylvania. Some of his criticisms, indeed, concern matters as to which the law works well enough if not wilfully or negligently misinterpreted, and no law can execute itself in spite of popular ignorance or an intention to violate it. Granting, however, that the law is far from perfect, any one familiar with the history of its passage must object to its being represented as "prepared with a single eye to forcing Republicans and Democrats to vote the straight party ticket." It was "prepared" with the intention of being inferior to that of no other State, and its faults are due to its having had to run the gauntlet of a Quay-controlled Legislature.

A very strong effort will be made at the coming session to correct these faults, and it can hardly fail of some measure of success. If "C. P. R." really wishes to see a better law, he can join the Ballot-Reform Association, or at all events send a contribution to its treasurer, A. N. Chandler, Esq., N. E. corner Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, and he can also see that the influence of the press of Pittsburg is properly exerted.

Charles C. Binney.

Philadelphia, December 5, 1892.

PHOTOGRAPHY VERSUS WOOD-ENGRAVING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I know no action so unwise as that of attempting to argue a point of difference with your critic; and with the critic of 'Old Italian Masters' I have no difference to argue, for "de gustibus," etc. But I think I might be allowed to correct a misapprehension as to my own meaning when it occurs. The blunder as to Louis XIV. I can in no wise account for, and I have not yet a copy of the book to refer to, but it was a blunder which can do no harm, and any schoolboy might have seen it to be one. Your critic does not mention where it occurs, so that I do not know in which number of the magazine to look for it. It may have been carelessly carried over from one of my authorities, where it may have been a blunder. But the inconsistency supposed in the Veronese Tintoretto dates is only in the wrong choice of a word. I said, "The moment was most favorable for his [Veronese's] entry into the capital of the arts," when I should have said "the epoch," meaning not the day of Veronese's arrival (*i. e.*, 1555), but the stage at which the evolution of the arts and the demand for his form of it had attained. Substitute the word "time" or "epoch" (*i.e.*, 1555 to 1563) for that which I used, and you have my meaning. The context would, I should think, indicate this, and your critic uses the word in the same sense—"This was the 'moment' for such work as Mr. Cole's."

But your critic makes a very serious mistake in what he says of the relation of photography to reproduction, and as this does not touch my merits, but those of the entire work of my coadjutor, Mr. Cole, as well as a scientific question, I hope you will not consider as contentious what I have to say. It is not true that by the recent improvement in the photographic reproduction of pictures known as "orthochromatic," the color-values are given with a fidelity "as marvellous in their rendering of tone and color-value as the first photographs were in their rendering of form, and as much beyond any hope of human rivalry." "Orthochromatism" avoids the glaring contrasts which used to be made by photography between the color-values of blues, yellows, and reds, but it has by no means reached the accuracy of rendering them which has been attained by Mr. Cole—it simply gives us a better mean. This is a question of fact on which I speak with positiveness, as an expert, being in the constant habit of using the orthochromatic plates myself, and I have a letter from Mr. Burne-Jones in reference to some of Mr. Cole's renderings, in which he says "they are better [in this respect] than any photographs that ever were made." This is absolutely true: photography gives us a version which is not so glaringly false as that which it used to give, but it does not, by an important space, approach color-values as Cole renders them. This might be apprehended from the fact that, starting with the orthochromatic photograph, he is still obliged on that to make his further corrections for the true values.

Yours truly, W. J. Stillman.

Rome, November 29, 1892.

STAINED GLASS AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "S. W. W.," after a very great compliment to the writer of the review of Burne-Jones's work in No. 1430 of the *Nation*, proceeds to express the opinion that that writer's desire for stained glass, of a combination of design comparable to that of Burne-Jones with color comparable to that of La Farge, cannot be gratified, "owing to the nature of the elements involved in the production of glass design." May I be permitted a few words by way of reply? I am not ignorant of the difference in method of production between English and American glass, and am, for one, of those to whom it seems "that subtlety of color rather than subtlety of drawing is the more legitimate goal in the production of stained-glass work." What I asked for was not "the intricate, subtle, and beautifully modulated drawing" of Burne-Jones, but something

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like his power of *design*—that is, his power of composition and arrangement of line and mass. Surely "S. W. W." would not maintain that if color is to be still the chief object, design may not be improved? My object was to point out the weakest point in the American school of stained glass, and to disturb our (possibly) too great complacency in the results we have attained, by showing wherein we are surpassed by workers who yet do not, in my opinion, understand their material, as such, nearly so well as we do.

I am, very respectfully,

THE REVIEWER.

COUSIN AND NIECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The word *cousin* is still used as synonymous with *niece* in this part of the country, at least. A letter this day received from a gentleman eighty-six years of age living in the eastern part of Mississippi, is addressed to his *niece*, and is signed, "Your affectionate uncle"; but in the body of the letter he expresses his sorrow for the death of another *niece*, whom he calls his *cousin*. This is not a case of lapse of memory or confusion of mind, for in other letters the same gentleman has often spoken of his *grandniece* as his *cousin*.

CARROLL CUTLER.

TALLADEGA, ALA., December 9, 1892.

Notes.

THE Cupples Co., Boston, will publish immediately 'J. W. von Goethe: His Wit, Wisdom, Poetry,' edited by Newell Dunbar; and 'Inspiration and Truth from the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts,' with a portrait.

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have nearly ready 'The Private Life of the Romans,' a manual for schools and colleges, by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; and 'Jason's Quest,' a mythological reader, by D. O. S. Lowell.

'A Plot-Book of Some Elizabethan Plays,' edited by George Pierce Baker, is in the press of Ginn & Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to publish by subscription the Quadricentennial Edition of Irving's 'Columbus.' The edition is limited to 401 copies, numbered from 1492 to 1892 inclusive, and is comprised in three royal quarto volumes, very fully illustrated, the illustrations including a number of designs drawn particularly for this work, together with facsimiles of certain curious old plates. The binding is antique vellum. The first number in the series, No. 1492, has been reserved for President Harrison, and the set numbered 1892 has been reserved for President-elect Cleveland.

In our recent report of Mr. Gladstone's Romanes lecture at Oxford, want of space forbade mention of the enthusiastic recognition accorded by the lecturer to a remarkable work now printing at the Clarendon Press, namely, Mr. Hastings Rashdall's book on Medieval Universities, of which advance sheets were placed at Mr. Gladstone's disposal. Mr. Gladstone's memorable lecture has been published by the same press under the title of 'An Academic Sketch,' and it is interesting for those who demur at a certain tendency to depreciate the value of Euripides as compared with his two compeers, Æschylus and Sophocles, to note that the only Greek quotation made by Mr. Gladstone in his Romanes lecture is, like the one line of Greek quoted by Lowell in his Harvard address of 1886, from Euripides. Mr. Gladstone pointed his own definition of a University with a line (201) from the "Bacchanals" of the same tragedian whose "Iphigenia at Aulis" contains the famous verse which, when Mr. Lowell quoted it in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, seemed at once a record and a consecration of lives which were laid down that our country might still live. Those who have the opportunity of doing so will find a comparison between these two great academic addresses most interesting, and they will, out of gratitude to Mr. J. G. Romanes, the benefactor to whom Mr. Gladstone's lecture is due, rejoice to hear that he is regaining health and strength at Madeira, whither illness has banished him for a time.

Frederick Warne & Co. offer a new edition, in three volumes, "North," "South," and "Midland," of the close-packed 'Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales,' by John Timbs and Alexander Gunn. They have had it revised and brought down to date, and illustrated with four photogravures in each volume. The work is hardly one to be read continuously, but is a serviceable book of reference or supplementary guide-book. The plates are ornamental and the binding tasteful. The device of the French publisher Jouaust is on the title-page of three volumes of the "Exquisite Series" which come to us with the imprint of Estes & Lauriat, Boston. That the manufacture is English may be inferred. Out of so much collaboration there issues a very handsome result—the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in two volumes, 'Paul and Virginia' in one. The form, the print, and the binding (vellum back and half blue-cloth sides) are dainty and irreproachable. Lalauze's etchings come off badly in our copies. As designs they are graceful and scholarly rather than strikingly imaginative; they might have been deemed "exquisite" but for the pressman.

In a neat little volume, entitled 'Outlines of Ancient Egyptian History' (Scribners), Miss Mary Brodrick has performed a service for Auguste Mariette somewhat similar to that which she performed about a year ago for Heinrich Brugsch—with this exception, that in the present case she has acted as translator as well. The work here presented with annotations is the *aperçu* originally prepared for use in the Egyptian schools in Cairo. As an outline it is excellent, and the work of translation has been well done, not so much in the strict sense of that word as in the sense that Miss Brodrick has given in English the meaning and views of the author, while eliminating those opinions now no longer received. Additions have been made at several points and they increase the value of the book. One important subject does not come in for mention at all, however—the pyramid texts. A criticism might be made upon the order of presentation in the present volume. Seventy-five pages are devoted to a sketch of the history down to the Mohammedan invasion, and about as much more to the sources of the history and to the monuments from the successive dynasties. The ground is thus traversed twice. Manifestly a combination of the parts in a single account would have added to the completeness and perspicuity of the presentation. At the same time such a course would have resulted in a book practically new.

A work privately printed in London, entitled 'Some Account of the Huguenot Family of Minet, from their coming out of France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1686,' has been edited by William Minet, F.S.A. It is a sumptuous quarto of 240 pages, with admirable portraits and other illustrations, and contains much that is of general interest. The editor has made a skilful use of the scattered memoranda, diaries, and letters in his possession, so as to enable the various members of the family to tell their story, as far as possible, in their own language. The nucleus of the volume is the recently discovered "Relation" of Isaac Minet, which gives an interesting account of his escape from Calais after the Revocation, and his subsequent fortunes in Dover, where he founded a large and very successful mercantile and banking business. In his letters, as well as in those of his grandson, Hughes. Minet, which form the major part of the original documents, there are many references to quaint customs of both the family and the business life of the last century. There are also a number of genealogical tables, wills, and inscriptions. But the chief value of the book to the general reader is the additional testimony which it bears to the great integrity, industry, and true manliness of the men whom France in her folly drove into exile. The volume is in every respect the worthy record of a noble race.

One more literature has been placed within the reach of the blind, the Chinese. The enormous difficulty of representing in raised characters a language which has no alphabet proper, but 4,000 symbols representing syllables, and which takes a lifetime for those who see to learn, has at length been overcome. The system employed is by an ingenious reduction of the *sounds*—as distinct from the syllables—to 408. These, it is found, can be learned easily, even by the very young. The inventor is a self-taught genius, the Rev. W. H. Murray, son of a Scotch mechanic, who was prevented from following his father's trade by an accident in which he lost an arm. Becoming an agent of the Bible Society, he showed great facility in learning languages, and was sent by it to carry on its work in China. Here the miserable condition of the blind, of whom there is an unusual number in the empire, attracted his attention, and led him to devote himself to the discovery of a method by which they might be enabled to read. An account of his work has recently been given by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming in a little book entitled 'Work for the Blind in China' (London: Gilbert & Remington).

A second edition of Jukes-Brown's 'Handbook of Physical Geology' is lately issued (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan). As palæontology and historical geology are left for another volume, space is gained for a fairly deliberate treatment of the physical side of the science. The book is essentially English, and it is interesting to note how full a compendium of the subject may be gained from the domain of Great Britain and Ireland alone. Yet the omission of examples from other countries gives too local an aspect to a world-wide science, and in the chapter on physiographical geology the influence of the conservative English school in contrast to the more progressive attitude of American investigators is clearly apparent. The diagrams are hardly as good as the text deserves.

T. B. Smart's 'Bibliography of Matthew Arnold' (London: J. Davy & Sons) will prove valuable for libraries and for private collectors, as well as for the teacher of English literature. It contains, first, a full and accurate description of Arnold's various poetical publications, 39 in all, including reëditions and contributions to periodicals; second, his prose publications, 196 in all, including reëditions, contributions to magazines, and letters to the

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press; third, a list of about 300 criticisms and reviews of Arnold's various writings; and, fourth, a synoptical table which is an index to every poem in each of the collected volumes. The whole is conveniently arranged and clearly printed.

Signor Giulio Canestrelli, under-librarian of the Victor Emanuel Library in Rome, has published an accurate Bibliography of Mazzini's Writings, which comprises 558 numbers, Italian and foreign. Only 120 copies of this work have been printed. It is adorned with a facsimile of an inedited letter from Mazzini to Mauro Macchi.

Alexandre Dumas *fils* has just issued a seventh volume of his "Théâtre Complet" (Paris: Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern), containing his three latest plays, "La Princesse de Bagdad," "Denise," and "Francillon." All these have been published separately before, but they appear now with long appendices in which the author discusses their subjects, their success, and their actors—for all were produced at the Théâtre-Français, and M. Dumas is not sparing of his praises to the performers of that unrivalled organization. Two of these plays have been adapted in America, but without success. All turn on points of what we may call, not unfairly, psychologic casuistry. In all, again, questions of sexual morality are discussed on the stage in a manner which playgoers who speak English think unprofitable. The comedy least suited to American taste is "Francillon," which is a marvel of constructive skill; its action is closely knit and extraordinarily powerful in its simplicity; its characters are vigorously etched, and its dialogue is of unfailing brilliance. But it is calculated solely for the meridian of Paris.

Considering the variety and the general superiority of French books of reference, it is curious that there is in French no book exactly corresponding to Mr. Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations.' Many sayings and quotations are traced to their sources in several of the late Édouard Fournier's gossiping and inaccurate books; and something of the kind is attempted also in Larousse's invaluable dictionary. Now M. Roger Alexandre has just published 'Le Musée de la Conversation' (Paris: Bouillon; New York: F. W. Christern), which does not quite fill the vacancy, partly because it is loose and journalistic in method, and partly because it is quite as much a collection of famous sayings as it is of literary quotations. But it is useful and welcome, and the reader of its pages makes more than one amusing discovery. He finds, for example (p. 202), a French origin for Mrs. Glasse's "First catch your hare," and also for the dialogue which accompanies the tune of the "Arkansaw Traveller" (p. 46), and this suggests that the story with its accompanying tune may be derived from some early *voyageur* who had brought it over the ocean with him. It is amusing to see that some absurd person has suggested that Hugo's "Ruy Blas" was plagiarized from Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." It is amusing also to see that the phrase in Beaumarchais's play about calumny and its results can be traced to Bacon; perhaps it will next be asserted that Bacon wrote Beaumarchais's plays as well as Shakspere's.

Musical literature seems to be a profitable part of the publishing business, if we may judge by the extraordinary activity recently displayed in that branch. Among the books on musical topics which have accumulated on our table within a few weeks are the following, some of which we reserve for more extended discussion. No fewer than three are devoted to Chopin, following upon the heels of Niecks's admirable two-volume biography. 'Frederic Chopin,' by Charles Willeby (Scribners), a volume of 300 pages, will be a good substitute for those who have not leisure to read Niecks's 700 pages. Clayton F. Lummy (Chicago) sends us a little volume containing a translation and arrangement of the sketches of Chopin and the biographic material scattered through George Sand's 'History of My Life' and 'A Winter in Majorca,' the island on which Chopin's immortal "Préludes" were written, amid the most distressing circumstances. A 'Life of Chopin,' with a list of his works, is also published in Brentano's "Petite Library"—a dainty little pocket-piece. From Macmillan we have a book of personal and theatric interest, 'Student and Singer,' being the reminiscences of the eminent English baritone, Charles Santley. Mr. Tretbar of Steinway Hall has issued a new edition of Ehlert's musical essays, 'From the Tone World,' translated by Mrs. Tretbar. These essays are all concerned with modern music, from Mendelssohn to Wagner and Brahms, and if the opinions advanced are not always sound (Ehlert himself outgrew some of them), they are always suggestive. Several new essays have been added to this edition, the best of all being those on Schumann and Chopin. 'The Art of Singing,' by Sinclair Dunn, is just received from T. Fisher Unwin (New York: Putnams). Of technical and scientific interest are 'A Noble Art,' three lectures on the evolution and construction of the piano, by Fanny Morris Smith (G. Schirmer), and 'Sound and Music,' by the Rev. J. A. Zahm (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), a treatise on acoustics and the physical basis of musical harmony. From Brentano we have, finally, 'The World of Music,' three volumes, by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont, on 'Great Composers,' 'Great Singers,' and 'Great Virtuosi'; short, chatty biographic sketches of the most eminent musicians, creative and executive, of the past. These sketches are of unequal value and length, but generally proportioned to the importance of the subject, and the narrative is enlivened by numerous anecdotes, some of which are comparatively unfamiliar. The author's taste is so catholic that she calls the banjo a "fascinating instrument." It is a suggestive fact that of the nineteen "great virtuosi" described, although all are (or were) famous, only four or five were really men of genius.

Columbus reveals anew his sway over the year in the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1892, in which articles and pictures directly concerning his personality, the continued story of the age of the discovery, "Diego Pinzon," and illustrations and letterpress in abundance relating to the World's Fair and the Columbian celebrations in this city, are the most striking feature. For the rest, this periodical has continued to move on in its established lines, furnishing a range in its miscellany of adventure and sports and story and description which ought to yield something for every juvenile taste.

The *Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) puts forth a foreign-art supplement entitled 'European Pictures of the Year [1892].' There are in all perhaps 150 examples, grouped nationally, and among the few instances of statuary is the painter-sculptor's "Pygmalion." These memoranda are well executed and serve to show, so far as the selections are typical, the character of schools. The editor remarks on the dominant influence of the French. The American section is but poorly represented.

The Christmas number of the *Art Journal* (International News Co.) is, as usual, given up to illustrating the work of a single artist, in this case Prof. Hubert Herkomer, whose *sacer vates* is Mr. W. L. Courtney.

Cruikshank is a leading topic in the November *Portfolio* (Macmillan), apropos of the recent gift to the British Museum's Print Room, by the artist's widow, of "a stupendous assemblage of his sketches, 1,141 in number," besides other artistic relics of the great George. A liberal assortment of facsimiles from this store accompanies Mr. F. G. Stephen's letterpress. Mr. Hamerton's contribution is a critique of Vierge's illustrations to 'Pablo of Segovia.'

In the *Fanfulla della Domenica* for November 6 is a note from Signor A. Valgimigli, suggesting a novel interpretation of Dante's famous "Pape Satan, pape Satan, aleppe," which has been in turn regarded as Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, French, or, with more reason, mere gibberish. The new interpretation consists in identifying *pape* and *aleppe*, by the aid of recent English dictionaries, as being respectively good Middle English words for "father" (*i. e.*, priest) and "help." The line then becomes, simply enough, "Father Satan, Father Satan, help!" As it is so highly possible, according to Mr. Gladstone, that Dante studied at Oxford, he must have been acquainted with the current English idioms of the day, though Mr. Gladstone may not be pleased to find Dante's familiarity with English displayed in precisely this form.

At the November meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Dr. Nansen described his coming expedition across the Polar regions. This he hopes to accomplish by taking advantage of the ocean current running north from Siberia and south by Greenland which was discovered a few years ago, through the drift of some of the wreckage of the *Jeannette*. He has had constructed a steamer, rigged as a three-masted schooner, of some 800 tons burden, with an engine of 160 horse-power and carrying supplies for a crew of twelve men for five or six years. This vessel, named the *Fram* (Forward), has been modelled so as to rise under the pressure of the ice, rather than resist it, with sloping sides and a "plump and rounded" hull. For heating, besides coal, the explorers will carry petroleum, while their cooking will be done by alcohol. A dynamo for electric lighting has also been provided. Nansen's present intention is to start next spring, his first goal being the delta of the Lena River. From thence he will sail north as far as the open water permits, and then "run into the ice at the most favorable spot, and from there trust entirely to the current running across the Polar region." He will carry two large boats, each capable of holding all the crew, in which they could continue their voyage in case the ship were crushed in the ice. "The only difficulty would be to get duly into the current north of Siberia; when this was done they must be carried somewhere northward. Whether they succeeded or not, he felt convinced that this was the way—not a new one—in which the unknown regions would some day be crossed."

The Booksellers' and Stationers' Provident Association of the United States will give under its auspices an Authors' Reading at Chickering Hall on the evening of January 16, 1893. Among the authors who will read from their own works are F. Hopkinson Smith, "A Day at Laguerre's"; Charles Dudley Warner, "A Bear Story," by request; Gen. James Grant Wilson, "An Episode of the War"; Edward

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Eggleston, Will Carleton, Marion Harland, Gertrude Atherton, Robert Grant, William H. McElroy, Thomas Nast, and other popular authors. Of the committee having the matter in charge the Chairman is Mr. Charles A. Burkhardt, with E. P. Dutton & Co.; the Treasurer, Mr. John A. Holden, with Thomas Whittaker.

"A. M." writes to us as follows: "A letter in the current number of the *Nation* begins with this sentence: 'Some one has said, and it sounds like Walter Bagehot, that the greatest pain the human mind is capable of is the reception of a new idea.' Doubtless the writer had in mind this sentence, to be found at p. 163 of Bagehot's 'Physics and Politics': 'One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea.'"

—At twenty years of age Jay Gould had already published a history, filling more than 400 pages, of his native county, Delaware, N. Y. In 1875 Sabin, in his 'Bibliotheca Americana,' declared this work "very rare," and added that, while in press, almost the entire edition was destroyed by fire. This loss is oddly spoken of in the very midst of the book itself (p. 226), to wit: "The reader who has glanced at our preface has already been made aware of the almost total destruction of this work by fire." We are reminded of that book of Moses wherein he describes his own death and burial. The author goes on with a lugubrious paragraph concerning his irremediable loss of matter that could not be replaced. In after years, however, he changed his mind, buying up and burning all copies he could discover. Did he induce Allibone to leave it unnoticed in his omnium-gatherum? This juvenile production of Mr. Gould is thus seldom met with, and hence is more provocative of curiosity. A copy which early came into the possession of the Wisconsin State Historical Society has long been notable among its rarities. It contains on the whole nothing to be ashamed of as regards its matter, moral tone, or style. It was a valuable contribution to local history derived from original sources. The writer, in traversing as a surveyor the region of which he treats, had fallen in with many of its oldest and most intelligent inhabitants. Information regarding the rise and progress of the county, pioneer hardships, Indian raids, and industrial interests, was secured with much painstaking and written out in a readable volume, less sophomoric than was to be anticipated, and one which every future writer on the same theme must consult, or he will not do his perfect work. Few local historians, while still in their teens, no matter what their educational advantages, have written so instructive books.

—These remarks are specially true regarding the first half of the volume. Much of the last half, it would seem, was not thought of at first, but was added after the disastrous fire before mentioned, with a view to help out the sale of the work. As padding of this sort may be mentioned about forty pages of obituaries culled from newspapers, and as many more serving to advertise mineral springs, newspapers, academies, banks, etc. Possibly we should class under the same head half of threescore pages concerning Anti-renters. Some of the most sensational sentences describe Mr. Gould the elder with his little son surrounded, in 1844, by Anti-renters who had come to tar and feather the father. The writer says: "We were that son. . . . Oh, the agony of my youthful mind as I expected every moment to behold him a lifeless corpse—fifteen guns poised within a few feet of his head," etc., etc. Mr. Gould's youthful hostility to monopolies was patent and pronounced. British restraints on land-monopoly he shows to have been cunningly eluded by scheming speculators, but the public domain when control passed to the people "was made subservient to the best interests of the State" (p. 247). He lamented, however, that more English land-grants had not been annulled by the State of New York, inasmuch as land-monopolies, centring in single individuals a mighty controlling influence, would give to capitalists the reins of weal and woe, yea, might control the machinery of Government, etc. No more zealous plea can be found than Mr. Gould's for supporting and improving common schools (p. 241). He prints District Libraries in capitals as of preëminent importance. He exults in "the march of improvement consequent on missionary preaching, prior to which society had presented one vast gulf of moral degradation" (p. 228). On this topic he would have expatiated more largely but for the burning of his manuscript. The fact that neither school libraries nor home missions nor any other public objects have received bequests from Mr. Gould, shows

> "The hardening of the heart, that brings
> Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

—The most important fact disclosed in the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women (1891-'92) is an unusual record of growth. In numbers the Harvard "Annex" now ranks fourth among women's colleges, with 258 students; its teaching force comprises over seventy of the Faculty of Harvard College, and, as usual, represents the older professors as well as later additions to the University staff. The tables show that the students were sent by 113 institutions as against 77 the year previous, and that twenty-two graduate students came from such women's colleges as Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, and from such coeducational institutions as the State Universities of Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, Oberlin College, and Boston University. Among the 120 courses offered, there was "a great increase in the particular classes, this growth being specially noticeable in the departments of Greek, Latin, English, German, French, Italian, philosophy, political economy, history, fine arts, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, physical geography, and geology." In the Annex's pioneer days its students stuck rather closely to the conventional path of Latin, Greek, and mathematics; but a healthy change has come about, and last year there were three times as many students in the English classes as in any others, while the next most popular studies were history, German, Latin, French, Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, in the order named. The steady growth and unostentatious tone of the work of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women lend additional significance to some recent public utterances from within the University. At a parlor meeting called in the interest of the Endowment Fund of the Annex (of the $500,000 needed, but $75,000 has been secured in twelve years), the President of Harvard University made some welcome but unlooked-for confessions as to his attitude towards the Society, whose endeavors he regarded "as the most intelligently directed and the most successful effort for the higher education of women in the United States." Moreover, although speaking only for himself, and not for the governing body of Harvard, President Eliot is reported to have said "that little besides financial considerations seemed to stand in the way of giving the Annex the full privileges of Harvard University."

—The Pennsylvania Tax Conference publishes a report upon the value and taxation of property in that State which has some features of interest. Little assistance upon the subject was obtainable from the United States Census, and the returns to the State officers were very defective. Accordingly, special agents were employed to ransack the offices of the county commissioners, and to make such further investigation as was practicable. In addition to this, a novel expedient was resorted to in ascertaining the amount of property insured, and making this a basis of calculation. In spite of the fact that this was apparently nothing more than "guessing at half and multiplying by two" (for it was necessary to depend upon the conjecture of insurance agents as to the ratio between property insured and property not insured), it is not improbable that evidence of some value may be obtainable from this quarter. It seems that the amount of insurance carried upon property in Pennsylvania is $2,000,000,000, and if this be 40 per cent. of the value of insurable property, such property is worth $5,000,000,000. The data collected at the county offices, however, make this value only $3,000,000,000. Real estate is estimated by the Tax Conference not at its value at forced sale, but at what the owners would sell for if they had offers—a very different thing. According to this estimate, and adding $300,000,000 of exempt property, the real property in the State is worth more than $4,000,000,000, while it is assessed at $2,333,000,000. Its value is about equally divided between land and improvements. The value of farms is put at about $1,000,000,000, substantially the same as reported in the census of 1880. The total amount of property in the State is swollen by adding $1,250,000,000 of "moneyed capital," which consists chiefly of evidences of debt. Upon this principle any two friends can make themselves millionaires by exchanging their promissory notes. A like value is put upon corporate property, and a like criticism to a certain extent applies, as it does to the return of income as property. Upon the whole, we are unable to attach much importance to these valuations of property, and the report upon taxation appears to contain nothing novel.

—Most readers will remember well the great disturbance that arose upon the publication by the Duc de Broglie of the first volume of Talleyrand's long delayed memoirs. Hints as to their contents had been rife for fifty years. Parts of the original manuscript had been shown by Talleyrand to various people, notably to M. de Vitrolles, as he himself relates. There was every reason to expect a disclosure of the secret history of French politics and diplomacy from the time of the Revolution, through the Napoleonic epoch, to and beyond the Restoration. But when at last the book appeared, the eager reader found nothing that he had expected: no disclosures, hardly a gleam of new historical light, no wit from one of the greatest of wits, nothing beyond a decorous and rather dull plea for Talleyrand's consistency as "homme de France." The book fell flat, and would have fared even worse than it did if a controversy had not arisen at once as to the *origines* of the volumes. M. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne, started the polemic by inquiring where the Talleyrand manuscripts were, and in what condition; and

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he pressed the unhappy Duc de Broglie with questions till he was obliged to confess that the only document in his possession was a copy of the 'Mémoires' made by a former possessor of the Talleyrand manuscripts, M. de Bacourt. Where the manuscripts themselves were he did not know. M. Funck-Brentano believed that they had been destroyed. Others doubted if there ever had been more than notes, some of Talleyrand's own making, others dictated to M. de Bacourt. At any rate, the whole credibility of the memoirs was seen to rest upon the trustworthiness of Bacourt. The Duc de Broglie believed this to be unimpeachable, and made much of his "scrupulous delicacy" and "irreproachable literary probity." But to this estimate of Bacourt M. Aulard and the others could by no means agree. He had published, they said, the correspondence of La Marck, in 1851, and that book was one of the worst instances of the shameless mutilation of an author known to literary history. Why might he not have done the same, or worse, in the present case?

—So the affair has stood till just now, when the last volume of the 'Mémoires' has appeared, and M. de Bacourt's copy (itself grossly mutilated) has been deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The historians have again renewed their attacks: M. Aulard in the *Revue Bleue* and M. Jules Flammermont, professor at Lille, in the *Révolution Française*. New documents are brought forward which show such suppressions and falsifications of the La Marck correspondence as to put M. de Bacourt quite outside the number of reputable historians. He cuts down, for example, one letter of Pellenc's (Pellenc was Mirabeau's private secretary) from sixty-seven lines to twelve, cutting out all offensive remarks about Talleyrand, of which there are many, and completely changing the purport of the letter. M. Aulard recites these offences of Bacourt's, and asks the Duc de Broglie if he still has the same confidence in him as before, and still believes it impossible that he should have tampered with the Talleyrand papers. The Duke makes no reply beyond saying in an interview that he has nothing to add to the preface of his first volume. The whole controversy is a capital illustration of the old and new ways of looking at history, and the work and duty of a historian. M. de Broglie belongs to one day and generation; M. Aulard to quite another. Controversy between them is futile; it is the duel between the elephant and the whale.

RECENT POETRY.

The Spanish satirist Quevedo, visiting the infernal regions and looking through some bars, sees many million figures moving restlessly about, and is told that they are a class of people known on earth as poets, but known there only as fools. It is no wonder if the minds of these poor people are somewhat unsettled, since they have embarked everything in the most uncertain of all possible lotteries. Good poetry ranks unquestionably at the top of all literature, and poor poetry at the bottom. All admit that the poor poetry is incomparably the more abundant; and it is pretty certain that neither the author nor his contemporaries can tell with any great certainty which is which. One must therefore approach any new harvest of song with humility, with charity, and, if possible, with infinite patience.

It certainly seems a pity that Lord Tennyson's fame could not have rested, where it was left by his last volume, on the unsurpassed beauty of "Crossing the Bar," instead of collecting the odds and ends which fill 'The Death of Oenone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems' (Macmillan). The contrast between his noble early poem on the same subject and the feebleness of this "Oenone" is almost pitiable; and after the magnificent vigor of William Morris's "Death of Paris" the comparison becomes more appalling. Lord Tennyson's poem is not really above the level of Andrew Lang's 'Helen of Troy,' which now attains its second edition (London: Bell). In the supplementary note to this book there are some interesting details of tradition, mostly from German sources, but Mr. Lang is very rash in inviting comparison between his own languid tale and the fine paper of Paul de St. Victor in 'Hommes et Dieux.' In 'The Professor, and Other Poems,' by the author of 'Moods' (London: Kegan Paul), we have apparently a skit at Tennyson in a poem called "A House of Lords" (p. 145), in which the same voice takes two wholly different views of hereditary rank at an interval of twenty years. For the rest, there is much good and independent thought in the book, without very much of the poetic quality. 'By the Sea, and Other Poems,' by "Fred Henderson" (London: Unwin), is a work far more touched by the muses; the author's sea is the ocean of life, and he writes, with intense feeling and some radical sympathies, of the ills and problems of London. The volume is bravely dedicated "To my friend Frederick Charles, who is now undergoing ten years' penal servitude for his alleged part in what is known as the Walsall Anarchist Conspiracy." It is worth noticing that the book thus heralded has reached its second edition.

'The Brethren of the Cross,' a translation of one of Werner's wild dramas by E. A. M. Lewis (London: Bell), carries us back to the alleged origin of freemasonry in the suppressed mediæval order of Knights Templars, and recalls also the once familiar article of Thomas Carlyle, in which he annihilated Werner less thoroughly, it seems, than he had supposed. Even now the long drama is not very readable, but the notes are interesting if the poem is not. Heine once said of Werner's dramas that they never found much favor from mortals below; and whether the angels liked them much better he had no means of knowing.

London poetry would seem to be in a bad way when it can only be cured of affectation by inoculating it with some other affectation. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, though handicapped with a most un-English name, writes 'English Poems' (London: Mathews & Lane) complaining that "youngsters blush to write an English song," and protesting that

> "Not of thee this new voice in our ears,
> Music of France that once was of the spheres."

But the book opens with an archaic title-page, it is feebly dedicated to "Sissie Le Gallienne," and its "English" love-making is of this diluted quality (p. 73):

> "O love! love! I fear,
> For the air is too sweet—
> Softly, love—O my dear!
> Yea, too sweet
> On a sudden to meet
> Mortal mouth!
> O my sweet! O my sweet!
> The long drouth,
> And at last, dear, O think!
> The long drink!"

Surely this gives only the impression of some Early English drink which has quite befuddled the lover, and even the brutal doggerel of Mr. Meredith's 'Jump to Glory Jane' (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan) is welcome in comparison.

To revert again to Mr. Le Gallienne, the *Saturday Review* attributes to him "a deliberate quaintness of style, as of a new Euphues"; but, on the whole, we prefer even the Debonair Verse of the current London fashion to the needle of Sir Piercie Shafton. Yet there must be some genuineness left in the heart of a man who can write thus (p. 45) "To My Wife Mildred":

> "Dear wife, there is no word in all my songs
> But unto thee belongs!
> Though I, indeed, before thy true day came,
> Mistook thy star in many a wandering flame,
> Singing to thee in many another's name
> Before I knew thine everlasting eyes."

The genuine and passionate thrill of Irish poetry is well sustained by Katharine Tynan in her 'Irish Love-Songs' (Cassell), although perhaps a chronological arrangement would be better than that which mingles George Darley's later lyrics with the older bards. It is not strange that she could not forbear the insertion of that high-water mark of modern Irish poetry, Mangan's "My Dark Rosaleen," but it should have been left, on the whole, among the poems of patriotism, where it belongs. She has done well to keep clear of the pseudo-Irish muse of Oscar Wilde; but why omit Lover's graceful and melodious "What will you do, Love?"

Ireland also gives us, in 'The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics,' by W. B. Yeats (Cassell), one of the most original and powerful of recent poetic volumes, drawing its strength, however, largely from its material—a fragment out of what the author well calls that "huge body of tradition behind her [Ireland] in the depths of time," which gives that island really the advantage over England, since the Arthurian legend, for instance, is cold and limited compared to that wealth of fable and fancy which Aubrey de Vere and others have found so fertile. The theme of "The Countess Kathleen"—witches disguised as merchants, who come, in time of famine, to buy the souls of the poor, and to whom the young Countess sells her own soul finally for the relief of others, saving it in the selling—is nobler than the Faust legend and is nobly handled here. Mr. Yeats was already known by his 'Wanderings of Oisin.'

In the collected poems of Philip Bourke Marston (Boston: Roberts), although there are some poems new to us, there are perhaps none which give any added evidence of clear title to genius. There is everywhere the poetic temperament and most careful execution; but upon all his work is the impress of Rossetti, or, perhaps, only of the local and temporary environment in which both were reared. Mrs. Moulton, the young poet's ever faithful friend, writes a memoir which does honor to them both.

Mr. William Watson, well known to the lovers of Wordsworth, comes before us with two thin volumes, the one of selections, the other original. His 'Lyric Love: an Anthology' (Macmillan), is a pleasing collection, though it marks the editor's limitations. It has most of the stock poems and some others; but there is something almost grotesque in a collection of love lyrics which leaves out Shelley's "One word is too often profaned," Rossetti's "Song of the Bower," and Swinburne's "Madonna Mia." This last poet is indeed ignored altogether. The collection includes no American poem save Saxe Holm's "Three Kisses of Farewell," which is attributed, odd-

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ly enough, to an else unknown "Agnes E. Glase." The time is not distant when spurious Saxe Holms sprang up in various directions throughout America; but this is, so far as appears, the first English claimant. Mr. Watson's volume of his own verse, 'Lachrymæ Musarum, and Other Poems' (Macmillan), is a little handicapped by the rather extravagant applauses that heralded his first; and so much of it is given to the praises of other poets that he seems, after these and his "Wordsworth's Grave," like a self-elected laureate of the bards. Yet his eulogies of Shelley and Tennyson and Coleridge are well sung, though his final song of Columbus must take rank with most of the Columbian tributes, thus far, as being rather feeble.

It is pleasant to be able to select from this general condemnation the one official performance of the Columbian year, Miss Harriet Monroe's ode for the dedicatory ceremonies at Chicago. This lady, before known only by her strong drama of "Valeria," has certainly taken at one bound a high position among American poets, both by her "Cantata" for the Chicago Auditorium and her so-called "Commemoration Ode." It is perhaps unfortunate that she permitted herself to employ this title, so distinctly identified with Lowell's great poem; but with Lowell's minor odes—never quite so successful as his masterpiece—she may fearlessly invite comparison. It is certainly another feature of the singular good fortune which has thus far marked our great national enterprise that it has thus found its competent laureate in a wholly unexpected direction. Miss Monroe takes occasion to reprint her 'Valeria, and Other Poems' (Chicago: McClurg), printed for subscribers only, last year, but now regularly published, and including the "Commemoration Ode."

Miss Agnes Repplier, like Mr. Watson, has edited 'A Book of Famous Verse' (Houghton), and, which is rather surprising, has included in it American poetry as well, her taste being usually transatlantic. It might, perhaps, have been well to explain on the title-page—since many omit to read prefaces—that it is a collection for children especially. For this purpose it is fairly well chosen and edited, but not always with discretion. The lovely ballad of "The Lass of Lochroyan," for instance, is sadly maimed by omitting the third and fourth verses, which give graceful and tender answers to the plaintive questions in the first two verses; and there is an occasional substitution of English for Scotch readings beyond what is agreeable to the ear. Aytoun's rendering, for instance,

> "He saw his young son in her arms
> Baith tossed abune the tide,"

is far more appropriate than the "both" and "above" here substituted, while much harder Scotch words are left unchanged. The references to Notes 9 and 10 (pp. 71–3) are misplaced. In the classic "Rose Aylmer," which it is not safe to alter by a syllable, Miss Repplier gives

> "A night of memories and sighs,"

whereas it was printed in 1846 "and of sighs." In Landor's day, *memories* would have been a dissyllable and perhaps written "mem'ries." In the same way the editor gives us, in Browning's "Home Thoughts, from Abroad,"

> "And whoever wakes in England,"

instead of the original "who," and

> "The fields look rough with hoary dew,"

instead of "are rough." But she cannot here be held to account, as she follows Browning's later emendations, which in this case are certainly no improvement.

Of recent American volumes, notable rather for the interest of their themes than for any inspiration they betray, the showiest is 'Alaskana,' by Prof. Bushrod W. James (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates), which has really some value as a guide-book through its abundant illustrations, although its letter-press, in the "Hiawatha" measure, is rather hard reading. In the same way 'Poems of Gun and Rod,' by Ernest McGaffey (Scribner), has value by reason of Mr. H. E. Butler's spirited delineations of birds and fishes. 'Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas' (Chicago: McClurg) is crammed with local coloring; 'Songs from Nahant,' by Anne E. Johnson (Lynn: Nichols), has some modest glimpses of seaside life; and a book called 'Night Etchings,' by A. R. G. (Lippincott), has an irregular poem, "A Bat awakes by the Amazon," which has a touch of real tropical delineation and is such as Lanier might have written. A later volume by the same author and publisher, 'Gleams and Echoes,' shows no increase in real power, while the illustrations, though graceful, afford little assistance. In that portraying the wood-thrush, for instance, we see that shy bird sitting conspicuously on a bare bough in the foreground like a familiar robin. 'Legends of the Netherlands, to which are added some legends of Manhattan Island,' by Gideon J. Tucker, A.M., M.D. (New York: The Author), has a good deal of historical material in the rough, but rather tends to confirm the popular impression that the gods did not make the Dutch-American race poetical.

Among American poems which are in themselves interesting, the first place of course belongs to the enlarged edition of Whittier's 'At Sundown' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the first edition having been privately printed for the author's friends two years ago. Seven new poems have been added, two of which are addressed respectively to Lowell and Holmes; and there are illustrations, sometimes quite attractive, from designs by Garrett. Mr. Clinton Scollard, in his 'Songs of Sunrise Lands' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), shows the peril attendant on an exceedingly poetic temperament which risks itself fearlessly amid the wealth of Oriental objects. Give a tolerably ready ear, and the "dim kiosk" and the "attared rose" sing themselves very easily, as Bayard Taylor found forty years ago; he sang them quite as well as Mr. Scollard, but the success gave him no immortality. Mr. Arlo Bates, who perhaps has never visited Oriental lands himself, yet puts more positive flavor into his 'Told in the Gate' (Roberts Bros.) simply because he handles his Eastern properties with a stronger grasp and is less fascinated by the bewitchment of the embroidery. But there is something to be said, after all, for the materials which one's home yields, and Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr extracts more vigorous verse from the Ethan Allen legends in the Vermont of her childhood ("The Armorer's Errand" in her 'Poems,' Scribners) than out of the many themes she borrows from foreign lands. This is partly because her natural theme is the daylight, while there are far more gifted poets, like the late Anne Reeve Aldrich ('Songs about Love and Death,' Scribners), whose whole existence dwells, like Emily Dickinson's, in the dim twilight, so that it matters not what the chosen theme may be: the subjective quality is all in all. Who would not guess that the following verses, for instance, were by Emily Dickinson herself (p. 128)?

> A LITTLE PARABLE.
>
> I made the cross myself whose weight
> Was later laid on me.
> This thought is torture as I toil
> Up life's steep Calvary.
>
> To think mine own hands drove the nails!
> I sang a merry song,
> And chose the heaviest wood I had
> To build it firm and strong.
>
> If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
> Its weight was meant for me,
> I should have made a lighter cross
> To bear up Calvary.

A new and enlarged edition of 'Swallow-Flights,' by Mrs. L. C. Moulton (Roberts), takes us to a region quite alien from the gypsy longings of Miss Aldrich, a region of matured art and assured power, within certain limitations. It is almost a pity that the publishers should have followed the English custom, only slowly creeping into our own books, of following up each volume by a few profuse laudations of its predecessor, especially as in this case they are all English, and hence somewhat remote from the real qualities and properties of American verse. When Prof. Minto, in the London *Examiner*, says that "in this little volume there is no trace of the provinciality of tone which has hitherto prevented any American poet from attaining the first rank," this preposterous utterance necessarily creates a prejudice in the unregenerate American mind against the very pleasing poet thus exalted over Emerson and Lowell. For it must never be forgotten how it was thought by critics of the Minto calibre that it was very provincial, and indeed almost vulgar, when Lowell ventured to sing of the bobolink and Emerson of the chickadee, instead of properly repeating the praises of the lark and the nightingale. Fortunately, Mrs. Moulton is better than her critics, and in her very first poem chants, without fear, of mayflowers and of "Plymouth town."

The first instalment of what threatens to prove a formidable harvest of Columbian poetry consists of 'The Song of America and Columbus, or the Story of the New World: A Greeting to Columbus and Columbia,' by Kinahan Cornwallis (New York: *Daily Investigator* Office), and 'Columbus: an Epic Poem, giving an accurate history of the great discovery in rhymed heroic verse,' by Samuel Jefferson, F.R.A.S., F.C.S., author of 'The Epic of the Invincible Armada' (Chicago: Griggs). The two books might seem at first to have their theme in common, but the treatment is as different as are the two representations of the caravel *Santa Maria* which adorn their respective covers. Mr. Jefferson's vessel has two masts, two sails, and no visible sailors; Mr. Cornwallis's has three masts and a bowsprit, six sails, and decks crowded with little men. A similar difference exists in the poetic structure, Mr. Jefferson's work being couched in the most placid description of heroic couplet, such as the once lamented Hayley might have written, while his rival interrupts a similarly measured strain with bursts like this (p. 64):

> "'Twas thus in 1492
> The Old World here espoused the virgin New.
> Here 1492 gave praise
> While 1892 gives bays
> And glorifies that great and grand event.
> All hail, Columbus! thou by Heaven sent;
> The New World shakes immortal hands with thee,
> O great explorer of the Western sea."

On the whole, we prefer the work of Mr. Jefferson, F.R.A.S., F.C.S., both because his epic is the shorter of the two, and because it seems to limit his ambition. Mr. Cornwallis,

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on the contrary, proposes to "shake immortal hands" with posterity through a large part of the history of America, promising in the next volume the tales of other early explorers, to be followed by "the stories in detail of the Discovery of the Pacific, the Conquest of Mexico by Cortes, and the Conquest of Peru by Pizarro." His frank suggestion that it will be "an elephantine work" is possibly the only point on which the opinion of his critics is quite sure to coincide with his own.

To the foregoing two may be added a yet larger volume, 'The Quest of Columbus: A Memorial Poem in twelve books,' by Henry Iliowizi (Chicago: Smith). This has no portrait whatever of the *Santa Maria*, but has one of Columbus and one of the poet; it is written in iambic verse, the first half of the volume being in heroic measure, while the latter half, without visible reason, shifts to alternate rhymes. Of this book as of the two others, it may be said that he who can read it may undertake Barlow's once famous 'Columbiad' without fear of slumber.

The 'Poems' of George Pellew (Boston: Clarke) are edited, since the death of that promising and attractive man, by his warm friend Mr. Howells. While his work has the qualities attributed to it by his biographer, it must still be admitted that it shows promise rather than fulfilment. 'Rhymes and Ballads for Girls and Boys,' by Susan Coolidge (Roberts Bros.), is sumptuously printed and illustrated and is very attractive. Both this volume and 'Little Folks' Lyrics,' by Frank Dempster Sherman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be fearlessly commended for children. There is real thought and some power of expression in 'The Cup of Life, and Other Verses,' by Hannah Parker Kimball (Boston: Cupples), but more of both of these qualities in 'A Book of Day Dreams,' by Charles Leonard Moore (Holt). We have not, we think, had occasion to notice the first (privately printed) edition of these really strong and thoughtful poems. The author's earlier volume, 'Poems Antique and Modern,' published in 1883, gave no full promise of his later power, though the verses were facile and finished. In the later work he has chosen a dangerous form of expression—a whole volume of continuous sonnets—whereas it is now the tendency of poets to distribute their sonnets among other forms of verse, for fear of monotony. He has also chosen the most monotonous form of the sonnet, the Shaksperian, with its alternating lines, whereas the present taste is altogether for the more varied Italian and Miltonic arrangement. The thought is also frequently involved and hard to follow, but it is often clear and noble, and is couched in such vigorous lines and fresh, strong phrases as to make these hundred sonnets outweigh many volumes from the tamer muse. We may well close—though it is rather forcing the season—with this profound and jubilant hymn to Spring (sonnet 51):

LII.

The Spring returns! What matters then that War
On the horizon like a beacon burns,
That Death ascends, man's most desired star,
That Darkness is his hope? The Spring returns.
Triumphant through the wider-arched cope
She comes, she comes, unto her tyranny,
And at her coronation are set ope
The prisons of the mind, and man is free!
And beggar-garbed or over-bent with snows,
Each mortal, long defeated, disallowed,
Feeling her touch, grows stronger-limbed and knows
The purple on his shoulders and is proud.
The Spring returns! O madness beyond sense,
Breed in our bones thine own omnipotence!

BROWNELL'S FRENCH ART.

French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

It is a favorite idea of the literary critics of painting and sculpture that they are the better critics for their very lack of technical knowledge, as they are not biassed by their personal predilection for one sort of technique or one school over another, and are free to judge all artists and all schools without prejudice and from the standpoint of general culture. Singularly enough, this doctrine is seldom applied to the other arts, and we do not often hear it maintained that a critic of music is the better for being no musician, or a critic of literature more able for being no writer. Still, something might be said for the theory if it were true, in fact, that special ignorance prevented special bias. Unfortunately it does not, and no artist in the thick of artistic battles could be more bitterly partisan than some of the critics who look on from the heights of the arena. Let us hasten to add that Mr. Brownell is not of these, and that his book is a most favorable specimen of purely literary art-criticism. He is ingenious, subtle, catholic. Indeed, over-subtlety and over-catholicity are his dangers. His motto is "Tout comprendre c'est tout justifier"; and though he expressly excepts bad drawing from the list of things so justified, he sometimes comes perilously near forgetting even this exception.

The general aim of these essays, most of which are reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Century*, seems to be to point out the stream of classic feeling running through all French art, even that which is most revolutionary. Mr. Brownell knows France and Frenchmen wonderfully well, as his admirable 'French Traits' proved; and his judgment of the French spirit in art is worthy of serious consideration. The way in which the French social sense modifies art in the direction of collectivity and tradition, and away from mere personality and idiosyncrasy, so that there is really a "French School" and not merely French painters and sculptors, is shown by him in a very interesting way. His discussion of the nature of style is admirable, and so is his demonstration of the influence of the Institute in producing the general atmosphere of art from which spring the very artists who revolt against the Institute's control.

His characterization of individual artists and their work is also often very ingenious, and he succeeds remarkably well in conveying the total impression receivable by a person of culture and sympathetic mind from the works he discusses. His characterization of Corot is especially felicitous in this way, and so is that of the painters of the eighteenth century. But it is all (Mr. Brownell must pardon us the word) irredeemably literary. He deals entirely with thought, intention, sentiment, never with *painting*. To those who know pictures as very tangible things, with distinct qualities and differences of form and color and method and handling, it is puzzling to find them volatilizing before their eyes and evaporating into a haze of words. Mr. Brownell's style, always diffuse and indirect, becomes sometimes almost unintelligible in the effort to make subtlety and allusiveness supply the place of definite statement or description; and to read what he has to say about Daubigny, for instance, is to doubt the very existence of that robustly real painter. The effort at translation is too great, and one feels as if one had employed one's time with about the same degree of profit as if one had listened to a painter without musical knowledge trying to describe the effect upon his mind of a Beethoven symphony.

Mr. Brownell's abundant catholicity and his desire to comprehend and justify everything lead him very far—for example, in his praise of Dupré and Diaz as, "of modern painters, perhaps the nearest in spirit to the old masters, pictorially speaking"; of Monticelli, whose fondness for constructing nonsense pictures he calls "that curiously elevated detachment from the material and the real"; and of the "dramatic grandeur" of the "lofty landscape of Michel," for whom the dealers seem to be succeeding in making a reputation, while they are unable to insure any real understanding of or delight in Baudry, whose qualities are so entirely artistic that none but artists are likely to recognize them fully for some years to come.

Such are the defects of our author's qualities. A certain lack of discrimination in praise, and a certain "detachment from the real" which gives his appreciations the aspect of criticism in the air, are almost inevitable by the literary critic who is without that technical sense which enables the artist to distinguish between the genuine and the factitious in any style. Mr. Brownell's discussion of realism is an instance, wherein he seems unable to distinguish between the true realistic temper and mere *trompe-l'œil*, and considers Carolus Duran as a "realist to the core" because of a certain ostentation of lifelikeness in coats and gowns, and in spite of the utter absence of that respect for fact which is the essence of realism. But it is in the discussion of purely technical questions that the weakness of the "lay" critic shows itself most sharply, and such discussion cannot always be avoided. No painter would have been likely to make Mr. Brownell's blunder of choosing Schreyer's grotesquely impossible horse-anatomy as a term of comparison for the measurement of Fromentin's confessed insufficiency of technical training; nor would any painter capable of writing fairly good English have so confused the question of actual as against relative values as Mr. Brownell has done. Here he has hit the right idea, but has chosen his example so badly as to throw darkness rather than light on the subject. "Manet's great distinction," he says, "is to have discovered that the sense of reality is achieved with a thousandfold greater intensity by getting as near as possible to the *actual* rather than resting content with the *relative* value of every detail"; and then he takes up Gérôme's "Éminence Grise" as an example of the older method of reliance on comparative value, and asks "what would happen to this house of cards shored up into verisimilitude by mere *correspondence*, if Gérôme had been asked to cut a window in his staircase and admit the light of out-of-doors into his correspondent but artificial scene." One could not well aim more beside the mark than this. It is in just such pictures as this of Gérôme's, where there is *no* "light of out-of-doors" to struggle with, that the *actual* values of things are, and have always been, imitable and imitated. It would have been after the window was cut through that the system of correspondences and relative values would have come into play, and that Gérôme would, as Rembrandt did, have darkened everything else in his picture and lowered its tone far beyond that of nature to give relative brightness to his window. Manet's discovery, in so far as it was a discovery, was, that he got more of the effect of light by keeping the other objects

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as high in value as they really were, and then getting the window lighter if he could, or letting it take care of itself if he could not. We say "in so far as it was a discovery," for, not to speak of the primitives who worked naïvely on this principle without knowing it, Veronese and Velasquez showed a comprehension of it, while Van der Meer pushed it to its fullest perfection and is as modern as Manet. Where the same principle is applied to landscape, and the absolute brightness of out-of-doors as compared with the gallery walls is what is searched for, at some expense of the truth of relations of light and shade in the landscape itself, we get modern "Impressionism"; but even here Van der Meer is ahead of the moderns, as witness his wonderful little "View of Delft" in the gallery of The Hague. The real discovery of Manet and Monet is in color, not in value, and it is in securing the effect of light by its *decomposition* that they have taught something to the world; though even here their practice is an advance on what had been done, or an exaggeration of it, rather than a totally new departure. That the juxtaposition of small particles of pure color produces a vibration which gives more the effect of pure light than does white paint itself, has been dimly felt, if not understood, by all true colorists; and it is in virtue of this fact that Monet gets his effects of dazzling sunlight without really going very high in key, and without any of the "chalkiness" that infects so many of the modern attempts at *plein air*. Only Titian got his vibration by glazing and scumbling and kneading his colors with his fingers, while the Impressionists get theirs by the bolder and more direct manner of batching and dotting.

With Mr. Brownell's chapters on sculpture we have less fault to find, possibly from less special competence on our own part. He seems to us a trifle unjust to Paul Dubois, but, on the other hand, he is refreshingly cordial in his admiration for that great and insufficiently appreciated artist, Frémiet. In the last chapter, on Rodin and Dalou, there is sounded, for the first time in the volume, something like a note of partisanship. Mr. Brownell is strongly under the influence of Rodin's striking artistic personality, and praises him with a vehemence and lack of discrimination which smacks of the advocate. He is so impressed with Rodin's vivid realism, his command of anatomy, and his wonderful sense of structural significance and structural unity, that he fails to see that artist's equally marked lack of the decorative and architectonic sense, his inability to conceive of a *whole*, the absence in him of the power of composition. He imagines a modern irruption of barbarians who should break to pieces the sculpture of to-day as those of old broke the statues of Greece. "Would anything survive mutilation," he asks, "with the serene confidence in its fragmentary but everywhere penetrating interest which seems to pervade the most fractured fraction of a Greek relief on the Athenian acropolis? Yes, there would be the débris of Auguste Rodin's sculpture." The fragments of Rodin's sculpture would undoubtedly be far more satisfactory than the fragments of any other modern, not merely because they are superb fragments, but because they are *now* nothing else. The "Dante Gate" exists only as a mass of fragments—marvellous fragments, many of them, and worthy of the praise that has been lavished upon them; but no one has ever been able to give any idea of the gate as a whole or of its scheme of decorative composition. The various fragments of the group of the "Burghers of Calais" were hailed with delight when shown separately, but suddenly they were pitchforked together anyhow, and it was revealed that the mighty plan of which they were supposed to be a part did not exist, and that the splendid indications were for ever to remain indications only. "When his Dante portal for the new Palais des Arts Décoratifs shall have been finished"—Mr. Brownell prophesies all sorts of things; but will it ever be finished? We have heard that the commission has been definitively abandoned. In any case, it might not be too bold to predict that the gates will never be set up. No one can model a back as M. Rodin can—with such vital force and such grasp of the interdependencies of bone and muscle and attachment, such play of living flesh, such structural perfection; yet Rodin is a curious example of impuissance, and his life-work seems likely to remain a collection of *disjecta membra*. With a little more of that classic temper which Mr. Brownell has so clearly discerned in French art as a whole, and with a little more respect for tradition and a little more capacity for proceeding on known lines, even if these qualities had been balanced by a little less originality and personal force, he might have produced more lastingly satisfactory art.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

How difficult it is to write fairy tales and wonder-books at the present day, in spite of the marvels of science, or perhaps because of them, is clearly shown in some examples before us. Miss Julia Goddard, in her 'Fairy Tales in Other Lands' (Cassell Publishing Co.), instead of endeavoring to invent new plots, frankly borrows the old ones and transfers them to other climes; that is, she has given us a Chinese "Beauty and the Beast," a Scandinavian "Jack the Giant-Killer," an ocean "Sleeping Beauty," etc. Her versions are not without ingenuity and charm, but alas! the innocent naïveté of the genuine fairy tale is lacking, and Miss Goddard has inflexibly eliminated all love-making and marriage. The Beast turns out to be Beauty's uncle, the kiss that awakens the sleeping princess is imprinted on her cheek by her brother, and Cinderella is adopted by the governor at whose ball she lost her slipper. No child was ever scandalized by the way these stories ended in the good old versions, and if it is deemed wise to suppress all mention of matrimony in the nursery, it would be better to exclude fairy tales altogether than to rewrite them as Miss Goddard has done.

Mr. Lockwood's wonder-book, 'Baron Trump's Marvellous Underground Journey' (Lee & Shepard), deals with the adventures of little Baron von Trump and his dog Bulger in an underground journey which they begin by sliding down a narrow pipe in the north of Russia, and end by being ejected by a geyser five hundred miles from their starting point. They, that is, the Baron and his dog, encounter people with transparent hearts, a blind, deaf, and dumb race, who read the works of the poets with their feet by walking over slabs with raised letters, and a cold-blooded nation called Koltykwerps, and end with the land of the Happy Forgetters. These remarkable people live mostly on fish, and dress in silk obtained from moths inhabiting these underground regions. The present volume seems to be the fourth of a series, which leads the critic to infer that the class of children for whom it was written like it, and, if so, nothing further need be said.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Jacobs's book, 'Indian Fairy Tales' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). His works are always entertaining and valuable, and his series of fairy books grows in interest with each new volume. After giving us English and Celtic tales, Mr. Jacobs goes this year to India, which to many seems the home of the fairy tale. The stories are of a wide range, from fable and droll to the serious story, and from the hoary antiquity of a Buddhist birth tale to a story taken down but yesterday from the mouths of the people. It is the modern collections which will be found most interesting to children, and which, after all, contain most of the fairy stories, as the older collections consist of fable or apologue, lending itself better to moral instruction than the fairy tale pure and simple. The editor has made a judicious selection, and accompanied it as usual by notes which the children's parents will find pleasant and novel reading. Mr. Jacobs gives a history of the collection of Indian tales, and dwells briefly on the subject of their diffusion throughout Europe. He holds, correctly, we think, that the comic folk-tale or droll of Europe may in almost every case be traced to India. In regard to the fairy tale he is more conservative, and thinks that only those stories common to the Indo-European world (from thirty to fifty per cent. of the whole) have come from India—mainly at the time of the crusades, and chiefly by oral transmission. This, it will be seen, is quite a different thing from the exaggerated view held by some that India is the home of all European folk-tales of every class. To the American reader the most interesting of Mr. Jacobs's notes is the one on the Buddhist birth tale of "The Demon with the Matted Hair," in which he sees the prototype of Uncle Remus's "Tar Baby." It was shown some time ago that the central idea of the "Tar Baby" story was found in South Africa, whence it had probably spread to Brazil, the West Indian Islands, and our own South. It is not impossible, of course, that the African version was obtained from Buddhist missionaries, and that "Brer Rabbit" is an incarnation of Buddha. Has the episode of "adhesiveness" in European folk-tales (Grimm No. 64, "The Golden Goose") any connection with the Buddhist story?

In a very graceful and modest preface to 'Uncle Remus and His Friends' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. Joel Chandler Harris closes his memorable series; and certainly when we are shown the old man at the telephone and the phonograph and in an electric car, Uncle Remus begins to have a *fin de siècle* air preliminary to his translation. Yet we marvel afresh at the delineator's art, his extraordinary versatility in narration, and his ever-extending vocabulary and phraseology. In other words, of exhaustion, either on the part of Mr. Harris or of his material, there is no sign in this final volume, which includes some secular negro songs and some episodes illustrative not of the old plantation, but of present Southern problems and perplexities, such as the exquisite "Some Advice to a Colored Brother," "Views on the African Exodus," "Called to Account by the Preacher," and the "William Henry" adventures. It is curious to notice the consciousness, on Mr. Harris's part, of a certain danger to childish morals from much familiarity with his animal fables. He touches on this in his prelude to "Brer Billy Goat's Dinner," and later on he tells a tale ("The Man and his Boots") expressly by

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way of deprecating any confusion "'twix' creetur doin's en folks' doin's." "How de name er goodness," he asks "the little boy," "kin folks go on en steal en tell fibs, like de creeturs done, en not git hurted? Dey des can't do it." It will perhaps be surprising if parents do not at least have to trace prankishness and mischievousness to the same exemplars. Another reflection which occurs to us is, that Mr. Harris has added Uncle Remus to the gallery of popular negro types to which belong Topsy and Uncle Tom. Millions are reading of them all—have been reading of the earlier two for forty years. How much has been done by this means towards breaking down the unchristian prejudice against color? How much will that prejudice be strengthened by introducing to the nursery, through Mr. Harris's classic pages, the word "nigger" used opprobriously (as it is in fact) by colored people one towards another?

Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson's 'Stories Told in an African Forest by Grown-up Children of Africa' (Appletons) begin and end with animal fables, the first exhibiting the Rabbit in his customary rôle of cunning prevailing over brute strength. The other tales have an 'Arabian Nights' cast, as was befitting, seeing that they issued from the mouths of Mr. Stanley's Mohammedan Zanzibar followers in their camp in the great forest. They have been well chosen and are related with refinement, and the whole book has a very humanizing influence. Mr. Jephson conveys in an artless manner a clear idea of the camp, the perils of the expedition, the dwarfs and other savages, and thus provides matter which parents can read aloud to their children without tedium and with positive enjoyment. Mr. Buckley's illustrations are good and numerous, but fall somewhat short of Mr. Frost's in the Uncle Remus volume.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Green Fairy Book' (Longmans) is his third and last, resembling the Blue and the Red in being a levy upon the tales of all countries in old and in expressly new versions, with illustrations of the stock kind by H. J. Ford. The series is now closed, and the variety and prettiness of it make it exceptionally attractive. Mr. Lang intimates another juvenile project for next year.

The 'Short Stories about Animals,' by Gertrude Sellon (Cassell & Co.), are really fables; the animals acting and talking in a moral, instructive way. The book is full of pictures, of which the black-and-white ones are much the best; the large colored plates are flat and lifeless, and out of harmony with the text besides. A "black colt," for instance, is colored light bay, and a pig which is spoken of as "he" is pictured as a mature female.

Many as the books are which show Mrs. Ewing's influence, few will be found to come so near her own spirit as 'Mum Fidgets,' by Constance Milman (D. Appleton & Co.). The absence of "play to the gallery" of grown folks, the careful finish of style, the genuine refinement in thought and expression, remind us forcibly of Mrs. Ewing, while freedom in plan and detail prevents the disagreeable effect that comes from slavish copying of a model.

Another one of the same series, "The Dainty Books," this time 'For Grown-Up Children,' is by Mrs. L. B. Walford, and is not inferior to its companion volume. Four short stories are bound up together, "The Difficulty of a Darling" heading the list—a simple tale of generous giving, and equally unselfish receiving of an unwelcome gift, so well told that we could wish nothing changed but the name.

Three books by well-known authors ask for a word of notice, though they mark no new departure. A robust constitution, we fancy, will be needed by any one who intends to follow Mrs. Laura E. Richards's young heroine through a third volume, for 'Hildegarde's Home' (Estes & Lauriat) shows her as tiresomely vivacious as ever. She runs, jumps, exclaims, and claps her hands almost without relief, except when she is "crying quietly." In 'Scenes in Fairyland,' by J. C. Atkinson (Macmillan & Co.), a certain Miss Mary, with her friend Mr. Greenbeard, visits the fairies under ground. All the appurtenances of the fairy court are described with particularity, while the credit of the book with overwise children is guarded by allowing the surmise that the underground visits were only a series of dreams. John Kendrick Bangs offers another book of the 'Alice in Wonderland' type. 'In Camp with a Tin Soldier' (R. H. Russell & Son) might be welcomed as an amusing bit of nonsense if it were not such a flagrant imitation (and not the first its author has perpetrated) of a book which owed its principal charm to its originality.

In his 'Stories from the Greek Comedians,' Prof. Church continues the series which began with 'The Story of the Iliad,' and condenses for young people most of the remaining plays of Aristophanes, together with specimens of the "New Comedy," the latter, of course, coming through Terence and Plautus. To one acquainted with these plays, the undertaking seems risky and unpromising, yet Mr. Church has performed it with great discretion and success. His style is spirited and idiomatic, and his sketches are capital reading for clever young people, or for older persons once caught in his snare. The "Chautauqua Circle" might do well to look into them; if they do, let them remember that Phylæ (see note, p 233) should be spelled Phyle. The book itself, with its handsome pages and its colored illustrations after Flaxman, reminds one of French work in point of cheapness and good taste.

'The Fortunes of Toby Trafford' (Lee & Shepard), by J. T. Trowbridge, is a vigorously told, thoroughly interesting story of a boy by no means perfect, but an honest, manly, self-reliant young fellow, who, having a good deal to fight against, achieves a well-merited success. There are few exciting incidents, the interest of the story depending wholly upon the way in which Toby defeated the evil designs of his enemies. Most of the subordinate characters are distinctly drawn, and some of them, as the teacher and Mildred, are only less attractive than the hero himself.

'Through the Wilds' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat), by Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar, is an account of the tour of four boys through the Rangeley Lakes and the region adjacent, including a part of the White Mountains and the Dixville Notch. From a certain lack of imagination in the author and the particularity with which the daily doings of the party are related, even their meals being frequently mentioned, the book, as a story, is hardly successful. But it will doubtless awaken a strong desire in most readers to visit a most picturesque part of New England. In this case the book would prove useful, as it shows carefully how the various points of interest can best be seen, though, as the tour was taken nine years ago, we are left in some doubt as to whether or not the conditions are still existing. The best fishing and hunting places are indicated and there are some useful hints about camping and cooking in the woods; but the main object of the book is the description of routes. We are surprised that no map of the region is given, as even with an ordinary map at our elbow we found it impossible to trace the boys' course. Some of the illustrations are excellent, while others are execrable.

'Adrift in a Great City' (Macmillan), by M. E. Winchester, is a pathetic story of child-life in England. A boy, the heir of a large property, is carried away through various misfortunes when only five years old, first to an humble lodging in a suburb of Liverpool, and afterwards to a cellar near the docks. In telling of the more than four years spent in the slums, the author uses very skilfully the opportunity of picturing the life of the gutter children. While dwelling necessarily upon the frequent hunger, cold, and general misery chiefly caused by intemperance, to which they are exposed, the author does not hesitate to affirm, we believe truthfully, that there is much real happiness in the life of these children. This part of the story cannot fail to arouse the sympathy of its young readers in the very poor of our great cities, and lead many to a genuine interest in the efforts to aid them. Very touching also, we may add, and true to nature, is the description of the gradual awakening of the old memories in the child's mind, in which music plays a prominent part, and of the final train of circumstances which leads him and his faithful dog back to their old home.

Hezekiah Butterworth has given the title 'In the Boyhood of Lincoln' (D. Appleton & Co.) to "A Tale of the Tunker Schoolmaster and the Times of Black Hawk." He calls it "a true picture in a framework of fiction," but it does not impress us as being a true picture of the boyhood of Lincoln. It has not the accent of reality which we find in the account which Herndon and Lamon give of that boyhood, or even Hay and Nicolay, and this notwithstanding the fact that all that is best in the book, all that is vitally concerned with Lincoln, is lifted bodily from Herndon's book. That idealizing temper which gave us the cherry-tree Washington in Weems's Life and much subsequent biography, almost spoiling the Father of his Country for many of his children, is evidently at work on Lincoln. The most elaborate Life of him yet issued is written in the spirit of the statues of him in New York and Brooklyn, which try to cover up the actual man with tailor's clothes. Mr. Butterworth's representation of Lincoln's mother as "a woman of deep inward experiences and subjective ideas," also as "a mystic," will, perhaps, cause those to smile who are the best informed. The vehicle which Mr. Butterworth has chosen for his narration does not impress us as fortunate. The Tunker schoolmaster is an ineffable bore. Such a life as that of Lincoln cannot, of course, be guarded against the writer of fiction, but it must be one of the greatest who can improve upon the simple facts. The best page in the book is that facing p. 262. It is a picture of Lincoln from a photograph taken in 1858, two years before he marred his countenance with a scrubby beard. It is the same picture that is a frontispiece in vol. i. of the new edition of Herndon's 'Life of Lincoln,' and reproduces very well the photograph that is magnificently interpreted in Krüeli's famous series. The illustrations generally are a happy feature of the book. The anticipation of the man's face in the boy's is remarkably well done, and best of all in the picture called "Abraham as a Peace-Maker," which anticipates the man's face as it lighted up with feeling in his public speech, when it was very different from its appearance in repose.

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Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, in his 'Abraham Lincoln' (Harper & Bros.), does not make his appeal avowedly, as heretofore, to young people, and especially to boys; but the manner of his book is the same as that of his former books, and, with the exception of the earlier chapters, is virtually an abridgment of what we have had before in his four quartos on the civil war. It is written in their scrappy manner, with their entire lack of charm of style, but with the advantage of the author's having been conversant with a great many of the persons and events involved. As a war correspondent he saw something of Lincoln, and it was his special good fortune to go down to Richmond when Lincoln visited the conquered city a few weeks before his death. Hence there is frequently an intimacy in the touch which tells for good upon his story. In his account of Lincoln's life there is little evidence of original research. The tracing of his ancestry to the Lincolns of Hingham, Mass., will not bear the weight of critical investigation. The strength of a chain is in its weakest link, and several of the links of this chain are as weak as possible. In the treatment of Lincoln's boyhood there is the same disinclination to face the hard and cruel facts of the utter sordidness and misery of his environment that we find elsewhere; and especially is his own mother, Nancy Hanks, spoken of in a reverential way which finds little countenance in Lincoln's own disinclination to speak of her at all. One particular of Mr. Coffin's method goes far to give his narrative a pleasurable vivacity—we mean his throwing of a great deal of it into the dialogue form; but this part can, of course, least of all be trusted as a faithful mirror of actual occurrences. On page 294 there is an incorrect account of the origin of Whittier's poem,

> "We wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation."

This was written before Frémont's proclamation, and appeared in the *Independent* in July, 1861. In Whittier's arrangement of his poems it precedes his poem to Frémont, and is referred to no special incident.

Mr. Coffin's book is rich in illustrations. The most admirable are portraits which we have seen before in Mr. Higginson's larger 'History of the United States' and elsewhere. The picture of Lincoln and "Tad," on page 407, is called "Sunday Afternoon"—a pleasing fiction, for the book on Lincoln's knees is evidently not a Bible but a large photograph album. From such pictures as those of Grant and Sheridan to some of the poorest the descent is more considerable than should have been allowed. The frontispiece portrait of Lincoln, which should certainly have been as good as any, is unfortunately one of the very worst.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DIPLOMACY.

B. F. Stevens's Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1773-1783. Vol XV., Nos. 1451 to 1544. London: B. F. Stevens.

A PART of the fifteenth volume of this series is taken up with the continuation of the correspondence between Lord Stormont and Lord Weymouth in March, April, and May, 1777, and with other Parisian matters of the same dates; another part with the theft of Arthur Lee's papers at Berlin. That fractious envoy, accompanied by a Mr. Sayre, visited the Prussian capital in the summer of 1777 in the hope of inducing Frederick the Great to assist the struggling Republic of the United States. The proceedings of these Americans were watched with interest by the English authorities, and, on the 9th of May, Hugh Elliot, the Minister of Great Britain at the Prussian court, was warned by Lord Suffolk, the Secretary of State for the Northern Department, to give every proper attention to their conduct and the impression which it might make (1452).

Hugh Elliot was an eager young man, only twenty-five years old, and well connected in England. He now saw his chance to make a bold stroke. By means of a German domestic of his own, he bribed the servant at the inn where the American agent lodged, and, having heard that the latter had long entered in a journal at night the transactions of every day, determined to possess himself of that journal. He was informed that Lee kept it in a writing-case, which was sometimes locked and sometimes not, but that the door of the chamber was always locked when Lee was absent. Elliot's first step was to get false keys made both of the door and of the bureau which contained the writing-case. Then, hearing that both Lee and Sayre were going out of town, where they generally stayed until eleven at night, he sent the German servant to bring off the papers. But strangers were just arrived at the inn, and the man could not get in at the door; he therefore entered the room at the window of the first floor, opened the bureau with his key, and brought the writing-case away out of the window, without being seen except by one of the people who were bribed. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Elliot was at dinner with several English gentlemen when the servant arrived with the stolen papers. The gentlemen were all enjoined to the most sacred secrecy, and set to copying instantly, while Mr. Elliot went about to pay visits and show himself. This he did till eight o'clock in the evening, when he called at the inn on the pretence of visiting Lord Russborough, who was staying there. He found both Lee and Sayre, that moment arrived and with Lord Russborough, and, knowing the papers not to be yet replaced, had no resource but to join them and to endeavor to amuse them with conversation. This he did for nearly two hours, without any introduction or acknowledgment of each other's names, but merely as men happening to meet who spoke the same language. About ten o'clock Mr. Lee got up and said he must go to write, and soon afterwards Elliot heard a violent clamor in the house, of a robbery, the loss of papers, etc. He now drove home, and, finding the most material part of the papers copied, resolved to send back the whole parcel immediately. They were accordingly delivered by Mr. Elliot himself disguised, late that night, to the mistress of the inn, who was in the plot, and who said they were brought by a porter who left them and ran off. Elliot took the precaution of sending away his own servant, who actually had done the stealing, post-haste to Hamburg, outside of Prussian jurisdiction (1468).

The stolen papers appear to have been nineteen in number, and to have included chiefly the not very interesting correspondence of Lee with Frederick's Minister, and some French and Spanish matters. The information conveyed to the British Ministry was not very valuable. The incident is interesting, however, as showing the tone of diplomatic morality of the day. And first for the Englishmen concerned. Here is Hugh Elliot's report to Lord Suffolk of his subsequent proceedings:

"Such strong suspicions had fallen upon a servant of mine who was actually employed in bringing them to me, that I thought it my duty to take a step I had previously resolved upon in case a discovery was likely to be made. I waited upon the Minister, and declared that what had happened had been occasioned by my imprudence in having shown too great inquisitiveness concerning Mr. Lee and Mr. Sayre; that a person employed to give an account of their motions had from over-officiousness committed this unwarrantable action, that though the papers had been sent back as soon as I knew what had been done, yet I felt myself so much to blame that I could not help begging leave to represent to his Prussian Majesty, either in person or through the Minister, that my court had no knowledge of this affair, that I alone was in fault, and that if his Prussian Majesty chose, I was ready to ask my recall, and to submit to any decision he might think proper to give.

"The day after I received for answer that the King could not help looking on what had been done as *fort vif et fort précipité*; that as I had declared my court was totally ignorant of this affair, *il ne la releverait pas*, but advised me to take care that nothing of the kind should happen for the future.

"If I might be allowed to express to your Lordship what appears to me becoming of his Majesty's dignity upon this occasion, I should not hesitate to beg that I might be ordered to tell either the King of Prussia himself or his Minister that although the King of England is sensible of the indulgence shown me by his Prussian Majesty, yet he disapproves of my conduct in this business, and his Majesty offers to nominate another in my place if I have made myself disagreeable to his Prussian Majesty. Whether this will be accepted or not I cannot determine with certainty, tho' I am rather inclined to think it will not. I make no apology to your Lordship for having risked everything when I thought his Majesty's interest so essentially concerned. I knew that by the sacrifice of an individual every publick inconvenience could be prevented; and as I have not scrupled to make that sacrifice when called upon, I flatter myself I have not forfeited your Lordship's protection or my sovereign's approbation.

"Mr. Liston will inform your Lordship, that matters were so arranged as to make it appear that I had not had time to peruse the papers, and will explain in full every circumstance of this affair.

"I am much obliged to Sir Trevor Corry, Mr. Barnier, and Mr. Liston for their assistance in copying the papers. The expence incurred by gaining some, silencing others, and different articles, amounts to five hundred pounds" (1465).

Such was Hugh Elliot's official account, and such was the story he wanted the world to believe. More than twenty years afterwards he made the acquaintance of John Quincy Adams in Dresden, and, after observing that the matter of Lee's papers "was now a circumstance that might with full freedom be talked of as a mere historical occurrence," he solemnly declared that the seizure of Mr. Lee's papers was not made by his orders; that it was entirely the act of an officious servant, who thought to do him a service by it; that when the papers were brought to him he did look them over indeed, and found among them only two of any consequence—one the draft of an unfinished treaty with Spain, and the other a letter from Frederick the Second, or one of his Ministers, promising that if any great Power in Europe would set the example of acknowledging the independence of the United States, he would be the first to follow it. "I am inclined to believe," adds Mr. Adams, "that this account is true, and I was pleased to see the anxiety with which Mr. E—— wished to remove the imputation of having premeditated that act of violence." (J. Q. Adams, 'Letters on Silesia,' p. 257.)

While the story about the officious servant was being put about in Prussia, Mr. Liston,

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one of the gentlemen who had copied the papers, was sent to England by a circuitous route with the copies and requested to tell the true story to Mr. Eden, who was brother-in-law of Mr. Elliot, and was a confidential agent of the British Ministry for American affairs. Mr. Eden reported the particulars to Lord Suffolk, who replied on the 14th of July:

"I have ruminated much on Elliot's Adventure—and think it won't end as quietly as he imagines. His secret is in too many hands. I applaud his Zeal, but I don't mightily affect a Dasher; and tho' I wish to encourage the former, I by no means wish to encourage the latter. All steps whatever relative to this strange Business must wait my Return" (1471).

And again Suffolk writes on the 18th of the month:

"I return Elliot's papers which are curious. But, tho' his Zeal & activity merit notice, his Indiscretion has been excessive! and I cannot persuade myself that there is an end of the Business—if he could not have succeeded in his adventure without confiding it and *such Communications as were involved in it*, to such men as Sir Trevor Corry & young Harvey, He certainly might have had Prudence enough to have desisted: I tremble for the future conduct of such a Quixot" (1473).

On the 1st of August his Lordship sent Mr. Elliot a strongly worded letter, a regular official scolding, evidently intended to be shown (1477); but in October he wrote again, and announced to him a gift from the King of £1,000 (twice the amount which Elliot said he had expended), in consideration of his loyal zeal and of his great expenses in the business, and in proof that the exceptionable circumstances thereof were entirely overlooked (1482).

Meanwhile the affair had attracted the notice of other courts. Lee and Sayre had been loud in their outcries and denunciations. The French Minister at the court of Berlin had reported to the Count of Vergennes in Paris and received the comments of the latter on the news:

"The event which you report is worthy of the sensation which it has excited, that of the strongest indignation, whether the act be considered in itself or in relation to the person who promoted it. That a public minister should condescend to have the lock of a bureau picked, in order to get information which he believes it be important to obtain, is an outrage which secrecy and success would not justify. But as Mr. Elliot had acknowledged himself the promoter of the burglarious robbery of the papers of the Americans who are at Berlin, the King of Prussia had no other course to take than to stop the progress of legal proceedings which thenceforth ceased to have an object; but I do not doubt, sir, that His Prussian Majesty has complained of it to the court of London, which can not refuse him complete and authentic satisfaction" (1474).

The King of Prussia was free enough in his own expressions. He wrote to the Count of Maltzan, his Minister to the Court of St. James, as follows:

"POTSDAM, 30 June, 1777. . . . I have received nothing from you by the last regular post. But I cannot refrain from informing you of a singular and bold piece of vivacity and foolishness on the part of the Chevalier Elliot. That minister has gone so far as to have one of his servants carry off the writing-case of Lee, the American, from his bureau at the Corsica Inn, at Berlin, and, when trouble was made about the theft, he not only carried the writing-case back to the American, but he also came himself and acknowledged the theft to my cabinet ministry, with all its accompanying circumstances, and added various bad excuses to color the share he had taken in it. This is indeed what is called a public theft; and if I had cared to make him feel the resentment which the law of nations allows me, and which he deserved in every respect, I should have immediately forbidden his appearance at my court. But as he acknowledged his wrong-doing himself, and as he submitted his person and his fate to my disposal and my generosity, I did not care to push the thing rigorously, and I only let him know by my ministry how irregular and revolting his conduct is.

"Meanwhile, such is the minister that the court where you are has chosen, to reside at mine, and you will judge for yourself what are the feelings that such a trick must cause here, and how we must look on the Chevalier Elliot. In Bute's school such pupils are formed

'By the very hand of the King.'

Oh! Bute's worthy scholar! Oh! the incomparable man your goddam Elliot is! Truly the English ought to blush with shame at sending such ministers to foreign courts."

Moltke: His Life and Character, sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, a novel, and autobiographical notes. Translated by Mary Herms, with illustrations from drawings by Moltke, portraits, and facsimile letters. Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. xi, 332.

THIS volume is uniform with Moltke's 'Franco-Prussian War' and his letters to his mother and other near relatives, though they are not numbered as a series. The purpose of the editor (Moltke's nephew) to let the great soldier speak for himself, is the ruling one in this as well as in the preceding volume, though some documents are introduced which were written by other hands. One's first impulse is to question whether any satisfactory notion of Moltke's personality can be got from a collection of papers such as these; but as we read on, we find that the plan justifies itself, and that his character grows upon us as trait after trait is shown by his own expressions in his own words, and we close the book at last with a strong sense of acquaintance with the man himself.

The dominant characteristic in Moltke's mind was evidently a lucid precision. He will be content with nothing which is not well defined, with no knowledge that is not exact. Vagueness he cannot abide; he insists that his premises shall be solid and definite, and then he works out his conclusions with logical force and certainty. This is apparent in his earliest letters, and it is strikingly so in his latest intellectual effort, his thoughts on life and the future—a brief paper which he had recast and condensed several times, and which was found on his desk after his death. It is pathetic evidence of the strength of his impulse to think clearly, even on matters which most stubbornly resist sharp definition.

The same trait is beautifully shown in the reproductions of his original sketches of scenes in Silesia, in the Danube Valley, and in Turkey. These are all drawn in line, but we look in vain for a hesitating purpose or a doubtful touch. His fingers obeyed a will that was absolute, and were trained to a skill that excluded the possibility of slip between thought and execution. This series of drawings is extremely interesting as pictures, having a great deal of true artistic feeling; but their greatest value is in their illustration of the thoroughness of Moltke's subordination of every phase of his education to the military purpose which dominated his life. He evidently looks upon them as aids to his topographical study of the regions he traversed and part of the military reconnoissance of the kingdoms he visited. They, as well as the text of his journals and letters, show that he was thoroughly alive to natural beauty of scenery, and must have felt deep pleasure in reproducing it in sketches or in words; but it was not for the pleasure that the work was done. Duty was the incentive, though he rejoiced that so much of beauty and of pleasure could be found in the path of duty.

His habits were simple and unostentatious, and, though he knew how to take dignified part in the most important public ceremonies, his eagerness to throw off all trammels and to return to the most informal private life shows itself constantly. His ardent desire for a country home was gratified when he bought his Silesian estate of Creisau, and there the last years of his life were chiefly spent. He eagerly returned to his tree-planting and his farm management whenever he could get away from the duties of army headquarters at Berlin.

The marvel of his life is the tenacious vitality which enabled him to run a great career after he had reached the age when most men retire from active work. He was sixty-six when he directed the campaign against Austria, seventy when he conducted the French war, and still had before him twenty years of constant and fruitful work, till his wonderful organization stopped at last, without sickness or suffering, because the limits of human powers had long been passed. For his military character and genius we must look to the history of Prussia's wars; but in these volumes we come near to the man himself, and learn that true greatness is quite consistent with an almost childlike simplicity and modesty which made Moltke an object of devoted love to all who were close to him.

The World's Metal Monetary Systems. By John Henry Norman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

UNDER this title Mr. Norman has gathered together in one volume a number of papers contributed to various periodicals during recent years. From his preface the reader is led to anticipate a lucid statement of the present condition of monetary science and an exposition of its recognized truths; but the book is necessarily fragmentary, there is a lack of coherence between its parts, and there is an amount of repetition which is exceedingly wearisome. Moreover, it is essential that a writer who deals with such subjects should be able to state his case clearly, whereas Mr. Norman candidly admits that if his doctrines fail of general acceptance, it can only be because of his lack of perspicuity. And, in truth, his style is obscure, his propositions do not follow each other in any natural sequence, and his constant reference to his other writings, with names of publishers, etc., savors somewhat of Mr. Wanamaker's methods of advertising. It is pleasant, however, to be able to record the fact that Mr. Norman is entirely sound on all fundamental points, and that he gracefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Cleveland, Prof. Sumner, and other distinguished Americans for the light they have shed over the dark places of the currency question.

Mr. Norman's claim to originality is based on what he calls his unit-of-weight system. He informs us that in 1888 he sent a memorandum of his views to a number of eminent financial authorities, with an earnest request that they would confute or confirm his doctrines, and that he received but one reply. In face of this somewhat chilling reception he feels that he is under a moral obligation to let the world know the "simplicity, beauty, and power" of the unit-of-weight system. It is recorded of a certain Oxford undergraduate that, having with much labor mastered the theory of the action of the common pump, he endeavored, with very limited success, to ap-

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ply this theory to the solution of all the other mathematical problems that fell to his lot. We are reminded of this story by the hopeful earnestness with which Mr. Norman offers his unit-of-weight system as a panacea for the cure of all financial ills. Theories are very useful things, and there is much to be said in favor of this particular theory, but men of business will understand why Mr. Norman's eagerness to explain his views, in season and out of season, has rendered him a *persona non grata* in London bank parlors. Whether he is entitled to the entire credit of originating the unit-of-weight system, or whether he should share it with Soetbeer and others, is not a question of serious importance. As a matter of fact the germ of the idea is as old as the book of Genesis.

But Mr. Norman fails to show that the application of the system to practical exchange operations would be productive of any marked advantages to the world of commerce. Any schoolboy can make exchange calculations with the aid of the elaborate tables now in general use, and it does not appear that Mr. Norman's theory would appreciably facilitate such calculations. He very justly holds that the only scientific way of quoting exchange is by premium or discount on one factor, that factor being the weight of pure gold or silver in the standard coins of different countries; and he looks to America to initiate this reform in commercial methods. But he is evidently not aware that a determined effort was made some twelve years ago to adopt this system of quotation in the New York market, and that it was abandoned as inconvenient after a ten days' trial. In this instance the scientific method did not commend itself to those most largely interested in the matter. Of course the real difficulty in exchange operations is not within the reach of any cambist, and is not touched by Mr. Norman's theory. Its successful solution involves knowledge of credits and of multitudinous operations in merchandise and securities which are not to be found—as chess-players say—"in the books," and which are more complex than the action of the common pump.

Incidentally Mr. Norman has a good deal to say about silver, and what he says is very much to the point. He quotes Ricardo's axiom that the cost of production must ultimately regulate the price of commodities, and he naturally applies it to silver, which is to-day being produced in different localities at a cost of 25 to 50 cents per ounce, as against a market price, resulting from insane legislation, of 85 cents per ounce. In reply to the bimetallists' argument that the fall in prices of commodities is due to a rise in the value of gold, he asks, very pertinently, why there has not been a similar fall in the prices of gold securities.

At the present moment, when the relation between gold and silver is the one financial question of supreme importance, and when such crass ignorance on the subject has to be combated, we may welcome any book which inculcates such eminently sound views. The defects we have pointed out are unfortunate, but do not seriously impair the value of Mr. Norman's contribution to monetary science.

Neohellenica: An Introduction to Modern Greek in the form of Dialogues, containing specimens of the language from the third century B. C. to the present day. By Prof. Michael Constantinides. Macmillan & Co.

THIS work will be found invaluable to the student of modern as well as of comparative Greek, for it contains excellent examples of transitional epochs of the language from the earliest times down to the present, with an almost word-for-word translation on the same page. The range of subjects and style is very varied, beginning with passages from different versions of the Bible compared, from the Chronicon Paschale, 610 A. D.; Leo Grammaticus, 1013, and so on through the succeeding centuries, with extracts from history, popular songs in the different dialects of the demotic, proverbs, fairy-tales, enigmas, translations from Homer, Dante, Shakspere in the popular language. The dialogues interpolated in these extracts, which distinguish themselves in most books of this class by being so devoid of sense and so hopelessly unfit for common use, are in this case full of information interesting to travellers. Many of the questions a foreigner would inevitably put as to manners and customs, the growth of the language, the metres of modern Greek poetry, the priests, monks, and nuns, and the orthodox faith are answered here. Any one having a fair knowledge of classical Greek could, by the help of Prof. Constantinides' book, thoroughly understand the modern language as it is written by the best writers, although he might still feel puzzled by the circumlocutions and the pretentious style of Athenian newspapers. It is indeed difficult for any foreigner to understand the involved phraseology in which the commonest news is conveyed, or to seize at a glance the meaning of words coined as occasion requires to meet the most modern inventions; and in this no dictionary exists to help him.

A letter of the learned Philippos Johannou upon the modern Greek language, with which this volume begins, explains the difficulties that existed when, recovering from the demoralization of their long servitude, the Greeks, towards the beginning of this century, found it necessary to reconstruct their language so that it should become in common use a national tongue. There were three different opinions as to how this should be accomplished, the first being that the prevalent language of the common people should be adopted, as having spontaneously formed itself. This was objected to as being too restricted in expression for the scientific development of the nation. Others advocated that there should be a return to classical Greek; while the third opinion was that, while the ancient forms of speech were inadequate to meet our modern requirements, and the vernacular too wanting in precision and form, an emendated language, having the spoken tongue, purified of its corruptions, for its basis, should be formed, in accordance with ancient grammatical rules as far as practicable; and this third opinion was shared by the majority of the learned Greeks, although the limiting of this adaptation proved an endless source of discussion among them till the war of independence made them exchange the pen for the sword, which they all used in the common cause.

As soon as the Greeks had gained their independence, the need of an established language was felt still more keenly, and the discussions between those who advocated the adoption of the demotic and those who desired to return to an approximation to ancient Greek rekindled. It was evident to all that the confusion of mixing ancient forms with modern vulgarisms then prevailing could not be tolerated. Johannou's objections to the adoption of the popular tongue are, that the variety of local dialects would create great difficulties; the absence of grammatical form in these and the prevalence of mutilated expressions made it impossible to choose any; and the sanctioning of each in its own province or island would mean giving up a common language. The other alternative, of returning to ancient Greek, he condemns equally. We quote from the translation of his letter:

"The vocabulary of ancient Greek is utterly insufficient to express the innumerable ideas with which the progress of the arts and sciences from ancient times to the present day has enriched the human intellect; there is therefore an absolute necessity for the creation of innumerable new words to express those modern ideas. But in this case the ancient Greek language remains no longer really ancient; it will resemble an antique statue which has been clothed to meet the requirements of modern fashion, or furnished with a gun, a telescope, or a microscope, etc. By the ancient Greek language, then, we are obliged to understand that only its form is here meant—that is to say, its grammar."

He continues to explain how many forms of this grammar have become quite strange to the people, and the syntax absolutely unintelligible; the diffuseness of modern languages being common also to vernacular Greek, which, by means of prepositions, expresses many relations shown by terminations in the ancient tongue, but more usually resolves participles into relative, causal, hypothetical, adversative, and other clauses. "The correct use of the moods of the active and middle voice of verbs, and also of many particles, demands an amount of subtle discrimination which is beyond the power of the mental perception of the common people. The ancient Greek language being of this character, it is impossible to believe that it will ever become intelligible to them, and out of the question that it can become their vernacular." Johannou therefore counsels young men following a higher course of education to study the ancient language for the uses of poetry, and "such works as are composed for the use of the learned." He proposes that some common language should be agreed upon suitable for teaching from the pulpit, for parliamentary debates, for legislation, etc., etc. He insists that this language should not be strange to the mass of the people, but formed from their own spoken language, purified of barbarisms and alien words, and reduced to simple grammatical form.

Thirty years have gone by since Johannou wrote thus concerning the national language. In the meantime, judging from the Athenian newspapers of to-day, the more ambitious opinion, for approaching as much as possible to ancient Greek, has largely prevailed, and Johannou's strenuous injunctions as to the unreasonableness of writing so as not to be understood by the people have been lost sight of. We doubt whether the Athenian hall porter derives as much information as he might do from the newspapers which pass through his hands, though, like all the Greek populace, he has an intense admiration for fine and sonorous language. There still exists a party of learned men who prefer the demotic—among them D. Bikélas, who has translated several of Shakspere's plays very successfully into the vernacular. This would go far to prove that its resources are not so limited as the advocates for a return to ancient forms pretend. Spiridion Tricoupis's 'History of the Greek Revolution' is a work which may be considered a standard example of the demotic language.

Prof. Constantinides gives a selection of klephtic and popular songs in different dialects. We regret that in many instances he has preferred giving us published English metrical

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versions more or less exact rather than the word-for-word translations so much more useful to the student.

Selections from the Letters of Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle. Edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland. Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. xviii, 443.

MRS. CARLYLE was a woman whom it must have been a liberal education to love, and whose bestowal of intimate friendship was the highest kind of credential to the recipient. Miss Jewsbury's best claim to remembrance has thus far been the fact that Mrs. Carlyle called her "my most intimate friend in the world." This distinction was clearly due to Miss Jewsbury's talent for friendship, amounting almost to genius. At her "works" Mrs. Carlyle herself indulged in gentle sarcasm, and now these letters come to furnish new proof that the bond of union was not so much intellectual as emotional. They reveal a woman whose point of view is well shown in her belief that a "passionate sensibility" is the noblest endowment of man, and whose life was so morbidly centred in the affections that one can understand how Mrs. Carlyle's Ann would have been so impressed by her lack of practicality as to say of her, "Miss can write books, but I'm sure it's the only thing she's fit for." This volume has an undoubted right to occupy a corner in the Carlyle literature, though as a whole, and in itself alone, it makes tedious work for one who tries to keep the run of all Miss Jewsbury's lovers and loves, and to get at the few flashes of genuine wit in the prevailing sentiment and commonplace. This tediousness is no doubt heightened by the needless mystification of the editing. The names of persons are almost always left blank, though many of them can be easily identified by reference to Mrs. Carlyle's published letters. This shows that their suppression was not necessary, at least not in all cases, out of motives of delicacy, and surely the reader had a right to be spared the frequent occurrence of passages like the following: "Dr. —— told me at Mrs. ——'s on Wednesday that he wanted to bring Mr. ——, Mr. ——, and M. —— on Saturday. So accordingly, about five o'clock, Mr. —— and another man arrived, whom I affectionately greeted for ——, but it proved to be ——" (p. 219).

Life in Motion; or, Muscle and Nerve. By John Gray McKendrick. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 1892. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 200.

THESE pages on the motions of living matter make a really excellent introduction to the study of animal physiology. They are in the form of half-a-dozen lectures, models of simplicity and precision, the conciseness and clearness of which are greatly enhanced by numerous illustrations of the apparatus with which the conclusions were reached and proved. If in original delivery charms of voice and manner were added to present attraction, this course undoubtedly met with a success far beyond the average. From beginning to end electricity is used as a stimulant or an excitant by means of which the motions of life are determined in muscle and nerve. Not much is said regarding its similarity or relationship to what is ordinarily termed the nervous force of the living body, but there is not a little that is highly suggestive of affinity, especially in the culmination, where, among electric eels and other types, certain muscles are shown to be transformed into batteries for the production or use of this agent. Molecular motion is exhibited in chemical mixtures and in crystallization, is made perceptible in vibrations, and its effects are set forth in the phenomena of magnetism. Thus defining his subject and introducing his powerful assistant, still known only through results, the lecturer passes to the discussion of the structure and properties of muscle and nerve—the contractions, elasticity, nourishment, respiration, work, fatigue, latent periods, sounds, heat, etc., of the one, and the cells, fibres, endings, and currents, with their rapidity, energy, duration, or effects, of the other. Approaching reflex action and voluntary motion, the electrical phenomena of muscle are considered, and the batteries of Torpedo, Gymnotus, and different forms are explained; but the author concludes just where he seems to be within reach of the mental features. To the question where the impulses sent inward on the nerves are arranged and transmitted, whether in the spinal cord, the cerebellum, the cerebrum, or the nervous system as a whole, he has no ready reply. In regard to the manifestations in general he remarks:

"All these phenomena are undoubtedly connected with molecular movement. Such movements occur even in the brain itself, and there is little doubt they are also associated with all mental phenomena. It does not follow, however, that mental phenomena are the result of such movements alone. Wider knowledge strengthens the view that behind mental phenomena, and indeed behind all phenomena, there is something more than movements of matter and transformations of energy."

Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean. By Lee Meriwether. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

MR. MERIWETHER'S books have a novel interest and a matter-of-fact style, and this, the third of his travel narratives, describing an economic trip along various parts of the northern shores and islands of the Mediterranean, begins with Lisbon, where the author landed. The most original chapters are those which deal with the southwestern Italian coast and its islands, and the Grecian Archipelago, which were visited in a common Neapolitan lateen sail-boat thirty-four feet long. The bicycle was used along the Riviera and in a part of Italy. The Balearic Isles, Corsica, Sardinia, the Adriatic, and Northern Africa excepting Tangier, Ceuta, Alexandria, and Cairo, are neglected. There is much detailed information of permanent value on the management of prisons and convicts in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece. Droll incidents and some romance are not lacking to counterbalance this serious side. The author met with hard luck at Smyrna among Turkish officials, and was compelled to travel from that port to Alexandria as a deck passenger, experiencing *en route* a fifty-hours' fast because of his food being stolen. Many out-of-the-way and quaint places and localities are described. The trip was made on rugged lines, likely to be followed by a limited number; for few are so competent to use, or care to be burdened with, the trusty club and revolver, and it is hardly in the average traveller's philosophy to brave the risks and irritating discomforts of cheap inns.

The book well sustains its interest and is without padding. There are some few exaggerations and pardonable errors. It is Lieut. Kelly, U. S. N., not Dr. Kelly, from whom he quotes yacht descriptions; nor can we quite approve Mr. Meriwether's use of the word "Herculanean" in discussing seriously the work of transforming the poor quarter of Naples. The original illustrations are from "snap-shots," and are placed without relation to the text. During the time of his great misery on the forward deck, crowded in with Orientals and Russian Jews, Mr. Meriwether once "kodaked a kodaker," a first-class passenger, who remarked, "By Jove, if that fellow hasn't stolen a kodak!" There is a competent index.

Some Strange Corners of Our Country. By Charles F. Lummis. The Century Co. 1892.

ALTHOUGH these sketches were primarily intended for the rising generation, yet children of a larger growth may consult them with pleasure and profit. This, however, is but scant praise, for without exaggeration it may be truly said that we know of no volume in which, without the least apparent effort at being instructive, there is packed away, within the same compass, a greater amount of information about the southwestern portion of our country and its people. Divided according to the subjects of which they treat, the sketches will naturally fall into two classes. In one, our author brings before us in somewhat vivid language, but with as little use of superlatives as the case would seem to admit, pictures of the cañon of the Colorado, the petrified forest of Arizona, Montezuma's well, and other notable features in the scenery of that region. In the other, he makes us acquainted with some of the arts, customs, ceremonies, and superstitions of the Pueblo Indians, and adds thereto an account of the self-crucifiers—a degenerate branch of the order of Franciscans, which has been repeatedly excommunicated, and, according to Bandelier, is now on the decline.

As these sketches are all good, it would be invidious in us to make selections among them for special notice, and we content ourselves with calling attention in a general way to those which deal with the social and political organization of the Indians, and which may be said to possess not only the charm of novelty, but also a decided anthropological value. Evidently, they are the fruit of familiar intercourse with these people in the freedom of home life; and as our author was a close observer and not given to hasty generalizations, his conclusions will be found to be in accord with the best results of modern investigation. In some instances they embody a truth that is much more general in its application than the mere statement of an isolated fact would imply, for, when read aright, they suggest the existence of a condition of affairs which was at one time universal in this country and must have been productive of far-reaching consequences. Take, for instance, what is said (pp. 66-74) about the belief in witchcraft and the punishment meted out to those who are supposed to be guilty of the crime, and it would be difficult, in view of the facility of conviction, to overestimate its influence in keeping down the native population. Certainly, if in the Pueblo of Isleta, the inhabitants of which are vouched for as being "the kindest of parents and the best of neighbors," nearly one-half the entire population of 1,100 are believed to be witches, and owe their lives to the proximity of a large body of Americans, it does not require any great effort of the imagination to estimate the loss of life that must have been caused by this delusion when it prevailed among all our tribes, and there was no restraining influence at hand to stay the bloody sacrifice. Even if we admit

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that the number of the suspected in other parts of the country was relatively but a fraction of those in Isleta, it will at once be seen what a potent factor this belief must have been in confining the aboriginal population to the narrow limits within which it was found when the whites first landed upon these shores. Probably no other cause, unless we except intertribal warfare, contributed as much to this result. This is one of the trains of thought to which our author's statements on this subject give rise, but it is by no means the only one. There still remains food for reflection in the idea that, so far as this particular phase of superstition is concerned, there is not much room for choice between our witch-killing ancestors of two hundred years ago and their Indian neighbors.

In conclusion, our author points out the routes by which these scenes may be reached, together with the cost of the journeys; and, in view of the ease with which such visits can now be made, he expresses the hope that Americans will be induced to familiarize themselves with the wonders of their own country, before going abroad to look upon "scenery that is far inferior."

Schoolboy Days in Russia. By A. Laurie. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

THE popularity of everything Russian has called into existence a mass of worthless books which profess to enlighten and amuse the public. It is only the undiscriminating public, which has entirely neglected its previous opportunities for authentic information on the most rudimentary facts in Russian life, that will be taken in for a moment by André Laurie's 'Schoolboy Days in Russia.' It is perfectly evident from the beginning that the author has never set foot in Russia. He is merely putting into marketable form, in response to a supposed demand for the wares, what he imagines he has read or heard. The result is one of the worst hodge-podges which have been inflicted on the suffering public for a long time. The story itself is trivial, hardly worth the telling, but is told, nevertheless, with tolerable smoothness in the original, and well translated. The original language, which is French, is not mentioned, but is left to be inferred from the author's name. We touch lightly on the incidents of the story, merely for the sake of setting forth the most glaring of the many absurdities.

The son of a country doctor is gifted with great musical talent. In his boyhood the only outlet for this talent is singing in the village church, under the tuition of the village pope. He "practises with the pope on the eve of every great church festival." As a matter of fact, that is the very last time in the year when he could practise, since the church services on the eves of festivals are renowned for being frequently more elaborate and beautiful than even the services on the morning of the feast, with special music, some of which is sung only once a year. In the course of the description of village life, much space is devoted to the annual fair. The pope's son, wearing his father's boots, *with spurs*, gets thrown from a horse. This is the second great sensation of the volume, and it certainly can lay claim to its title, by virtue of these unprecedented spurs. After a while, the hero is transported to Moscow, where we are speedily treated to two of the "strongest situations" of the book. They differ from the other situations chiefly by the reinforced grotesqueness of their absurdity. In the country, whence hero Dmitri has just come, the common beverage is *kvass*, a sort of very small beer brewed from black rye-bread. It would take a Pacific Ocean of it to make any one intoxicated. Nevertheless, there is a grand tragic scene in which Dmitri gets thoroughly drunk on his second glass. He says that he has never seen kvass before—though he has consorted with nobody but peasants all his life—makes the customary remorseful appeals to the memory of his dead father, and throws in some gratuitous information as to the adulteration of this specimen of "ardent spirits." As he had named his father's horse "Vodka" in his infancy, one would suppose he understood that that, and not kvass, is the equivalent of brandy.

On his first Sunday in Moscow the other tremendous crisis occurs. He has observed children "gliding swiftly along the streets on their skates," instead of walking. One could as easily skate along the clean sidewalks and the mealy snow streets of New York! Accordingly, he gets out his skates, buckles them on, and sets out for an exploration. He sees whole families of wealthy people walking sedately to church, followed by a tall footman carrying their prayer-books. Wealthy, even moderately well-to-do Russians, do not walk to church; and not one Russian in a million ever uses a "prayer-book." They are too well trained and educated in the church service to need them, even the peasants who cannot read being perfectly familiar with it, and independent of books. Presently he comes to the Red Square and catches sight of St. Vasily. "The massive doors stood open. The worshippers were in their places, and the rich tones of the great organ already filled the nave." Evidently, the congregation were seated in their pews, and the view through the doors down the nave was quite unobstructed. Any one who has ever been in Moscow will recollect that St. Vasily consists of a conglomeration of eleven tiny churches, in two stories, the nine upper entangled in a perfect labyrinth of narrow corridors approached by two sets of steep stairs, so that there could be no view through the massive doors, supposing that the massive doors existed anywhere but in the imagination of the author, to which we are indebted also for the pews and the organ. No Russian church ever has an organ; neither are the choristers ever placed in a gallery. Having thus cut away the foundation of the "powerful" scene which follows, based on the organ, we may leave it, merely remarking that there are no trills and runs in the beautiful music of the Russian Church, and that solos are so very rare, especially in the morning liturgy, as to be practically non-existent.

After this ridiculous error, the rest of the book is not worth our attention, as the whole of it is built up on the musical education given to the heaven-born genius by the celebrated Hungarian organist with the mongrel Bohemian-Polish name, who has played at St. Vasily for thirty years, and has been honored even with the Czar as an auditor.

The Breech-Loader, and How to Use It. By W. W. Greener. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.

IF, as the author states in his introduction, he writes for "that numerous class of sportsmen who delight in a day's shooting, but have neither the time nor the means to make the sport a life's study," and if "the book is not written for experts," he has hardly accomplished his purpose. It is undoubtedly difficult for a man thoroughly conversant with his subject to put himself in the position of the uninitiated, and Mr. Greener somewhat confuses, with insufficiently explained details, the reader who knows little about a gun except that it suits him, and who cares less for its mechanism, provided it works satisfactorily.

The portion of the book treating of the *use* of the breech-loader is much more interesting than that which describes its mechanism. The author has wisely spent little space in attempting to teach any one how to shoot, and confines himself largely to the use of the gun as contrasted with its abuse. His remarks on the proper cleansing and oiling of guns, and on the care requisite for avoiding accidents, are good and give the work a value. He also makes some excellent suggestions for young or would-be sportsmen in the hunting-field, such as: "Smartness of manner is considered very bad form," and "A young man is not supposed to be an unerring shot nor expected to tell good stories."

As a whole, the book has many faults. It is somewhat discursive, repetitious, and fragmentary in its composition, but its most obvious defect is that it gives, justly or unjustly, the impression of being an advertisement of the "Greener gun."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Myron. Creation of the Bible. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Adams, Rev. C. J. Where is my Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal? Fowler & Wells. $1.
Advanced Building Construction: A Manual for Students. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Ahrenberg, J., et Fernande de Lysle. Les Illuminés: Scènes de la vie des Hihulites en Finlande. Paris: H. Simonis Empis.
Alden, Mrs. G. R. The Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.25.
An Englishman in Paris. M. J. Ivers & Co. 50 cents.
Austin, Alfred. Fortunatus the Pessimist. Macmillan. $1.75.
Babyland for 1892. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 75 cents.
Bangs, J. K. In Camp with a Tin Soldier. R. H. Russell & Son.
Bent, J. T. The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Bethune, J. G. The "F" Cipher. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co. 50 cents.
Birkheimer, W. E. Military Government and Martial Law. Washington: J. J. Chapman. $5.
Black, W. Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and Other Tales. Harpers.
Blaikie, J., and Thomson, W. A Text-Book of Geometrical Deductions. Longmans, Green & Co. 30 cents.
Bonnassieux, Pierre. Les Grandes Compagnies de Commerce. Etude pour servir à l'histoire de la Colonisation. Paris: Plon.
Bourinot, J. G. Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island of Cape Breton. Montreal: W. Foster Brown & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Bunner, H. C. Rowen: "Second Crop" Songs. Scribners. $1.25.
Caine, R. H. Love Songs of English Poets. 1500–1800. Appletons.
Chapin, F. H. The Land of the Cliff-Dwellers. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co. $2.25.
Clare, Austin. Another Man's Burden: A Tale of Love and Duty. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.50.
Doudney, Sarah. Strangers Yet. Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.
Dufour, Rev. Alphonse. A French Reader. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Dumas, A. The Son of Porthos. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
European Pictures of the Year. Cassell. $1.
Field, Eugene. With Trumpet and Drum. Scribners. $1.
Fletcher, Margaret. Sketches of Life and Character in Hungary. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Fowler, J. K. Echoes of Old Country Life. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Gates, Rev. C. F. A Christian Business Man: Biography of Deacon C. F. Gates. Boston: Congregational Publishing Co. $1.
Goldsmith, Oliver. The Vicar of Wakefield. 2 vols. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $3.50.
Goodell, Prof. T. D. Greek Lessons. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Hamerton, P. G. Man in Art. Macmillan. $30.
Harlow, L. K. The World's Best Hymns. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Harper, Mrs. Frances E. W. Iola Leroy; or, Shadows Uplifted. Philadelphia: Garrigues Bros. $1.
Harper's Young People, 1892. Harpers.

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Harris, J. C. Uncle Remus and his Friends. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hellman, Frances. Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and Other German Poets. Putnams. $1.50.
Hertwig, Prof. Oscar. Text-Book of the Embryology of Man and Mammals. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $5.25.
Hewitt, W. A Graduated Course of Simple Manual Training Exercises for Educating the Hand and Eye. Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents.
Hopkinson, J. Original Papers on Dynamo-Machinery and Allied Subjects. W. J. Johnston & Co. $1.
House, E. H. The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories. Harpers.
Howard, Gen. O. O. General Taylor. [Great Commanders.] Appletons.
Hughes, Mrs. Reginald. Sybil Trevyllian. Ward & Drummond. $1.50.
Hughson, S. C. The Best Letters of Shelley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Hume, Fergus. Aladdin in London. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Hunter, Sir W. W. A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Huss, Prof. H. C. O. Hugo's La Chute. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Hutchinson, Rev. H. N. Extinct Monsters. Appletons.
Jackson, Helen H. Poems. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros. $3.
Jagemann, Prof. H. C. G. Materials for German Prose Composition. Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents.
Jefferies, Richard. The Toilers of the Field. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
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